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GOETHE'S WORKS.

NO. I.

WE proceed, in discharge of our promise, to give an account, a *catalogue raisonnée* of the works of this great poet, by which well-known expression our readers will not understand a critical or criticising catalogue.

We wish to supply a deficiency, not so much in our literature, as in contemporary history. For half a century the name of Goethe has been more loudly celebrated on the continent than any other within our memory, except Voltaire. In Germany, with the exception of a few young men hot from the universities in praise of Schiller, and a still smaller number of elderly gentlemen in favour of Wieland, he is universally proclaimed to be their great man *par excellence*, whose long life comprehends the golden age of their literature, and whose numerous writings form its substance. If this be so, the students of that literature must direct to them their chief attention. But among so great a mass and such variety of works there must be a diversity of character, if not inequality of merit;—which then of his numerous volumes ought the student to take in hand? There are some, we have heard, which, like strong liquors, should be withheld from youth, though they may be the cordial and the medicine of advanced years. There are others which are so very *national* in their character, that it requires some preparation to relish them. Before they are administered, a previous alterative is requisite. There is nothing that so much interferes with the enjoyment of any kind of literature as the forming a wrong expectation. Now it is with the very unpretending object of letting the reader know what *sort of work* he may expect in the greater part of Goethe's writings that our catalogue will be drawn up, and by no means with the presumptuous intention of deciding on their worth. We hope to be allowed, as a relief from the drudgery of this semi-mechanical occupation, the indulgence now and then of a digression; and, should we take occasion to add a personal anecdote or two, as they will not be taken from books, or at second-hand, our readers will probably excuse it, and besides we shall gladly avail ourselves

of the means of supplying some deficiencies in the very scanty memoir in our last number, drawn up in great haste, and with scanty materials at hand.

The publication of the edition, entitled 'Vollstaendige ausgabe, letzter hand'—(complete, and, as we should say, with the last corrections,) commenced in 1827.—It had occupied the author from 1823, and obtained from the German diet, at his solicitation, a copyright—of force through all Germany, to guard it from piracy.

The arrangement is not chronological. The author found the requisite labour too great. Neither is the classification strictly, though in the main according to the *form* of the works. It commences judiciously with the small poems—which fill the first four volumes, but though these, including songs and epigrams, amount to more than 1440, the class is not exhausted. It occupies several subsequent volumes. Being so numerous, we must abandon altogether the plan of inserting the titles except of the classes; and shall take leave, instead, (adverting only to a few of them individually,) to make a few remarks on the general character of Goethe's small poems.

The work opens appropriately with a *Zueignung*—(Dedication) one of the most exquisitely polished of his poems. It is in *ottavo rime*, and has been translated—See the London Magazine, for February 1824. The curious reader will have pleasure in comparing it with Cowley's 'Complaint,' and Burns' 'Vision'—with the latter especially. In each the poet confesses his infirmities, and derives from the heavenly muse admonishment and consolation. In the dedication, the poet is presented with a veil:—

'Aus Morgen-duft gewebt und Sonnenklarheit
Der Dichtung Schleyer aus der hand der Wahrheit.'
[Woven of morning dew and mid-day beams
From truth's own hand the veil of poetry.]

An image, which, with singular felicity, expresses the double nature of poetry—in the sunbeams, its intellectual, in the dew its sensual character. And more appropriate than the same image as used by Jeremy Taylor, a writer we could hardly suppose Goethe to have known—'His life was like the rainbow, half made of the glories of the light, and half of the moisture of a cloud.'

The translator has thus rendered the concluding stanzas. It is the divine Muse or Truth, who addresses the poet in the first stanza. The last is the dedication.

'And when thou feel'st the heat of sultry noon,
Thou, or thy friends, this veil above thee spread,
The careful breath of eve shall cool thee soon,
And flowers and spices round their odour shed.
All woes shall yield to this celestial boon,
The grave itself shall be a cloudy bed;
The ills of life it will destroy or lighten,
Make the day lovely and dark midnight brighten.'

'Come then, my friends, and whether on your way
 The load of life oppresses more and more ;
 Or whether some new blessing, as you stray,
 Strews flowers and golden fruits your paths before ;
 United we shall meet the coming day,
 And wander joyful till our journey's o'er :
 And even when our children for us sadden—
 Our love shall last their after-lives to gladden—'

Goethe has wisely placed his songs and ballads in the front of his works, since, after all, those are the classes of his poems which enjoy the most extensive and undisturbed popularity.—They are on the lips and in the hearts of every one, and are distinguished by that rare union of perfection of style which will give currency even to common thoughts,—with originality of invention and profundity of thought, which would render even excusable imperfections of language.

To the *foreign* reader they may be recommended by their simplicity and facility. They may be put into the hands of learners as school exercises. In general, there is not in the German, as in other modern tongues, a poetic diction which forms almost a distinct language.

The student of the Italian, for instance, who has even mastered the archaisms of Dante and Petrarch, has a painful labour to encounter when he undertakes the modern poets, in familiarizing himself with the arid abstractions of the rhetorical Alfieri, the subtle refinements enveloped in the exquisite irony of Parini, and the wild flights of the more poetical Monti;—it must be owned he is rewarded for his pains.

The poetical diction of Goethe, and of the school of poetry which he has established, is framed, though unconsciously, on the theory developed by Mr. Wordsworth in the polemical preface to his poems—a theory on which even Lord Byron has formed his style, though, in other important particulars, the very antipodes of Wordsworth, and to which he owes a larger portion of his popularity than his admirers would acknowledge.

The diction and style of Goethe will, therefore, present no difficulties of language. The matter, indeed, is not unfrequently wrought into the form of a poetical riddle, and there is so large a portion of Goethe's poems which may be thus entitled, that we shall be excused a digression. What we mean by a poetical riddle may be explained by a reference to one of the most delightful of Mr. Coleridge's small poems:—

'Myrtle-leaf that, ill-besped,
 Pinest in the gladsome ray,
 Soiled beneath the common tread,
 Far from thy protecting spray !'

Nothing can surpass the beauty of the whole description ; and we really pity the unhappy reader who should want to know what it

means. Goethe has written many similar poems, but would never have condescended to put the title, which Mr. C. has affixed, 'To an unfortunate woman, whom the author had known in the days of her innocence,' by which the poem is spoiled as much as it was possible to be. Poetry consists, in a great measure, in exhibiting the world of nature in the world of mind—or *vice versa*; and the analogies are so universal, and the applications of such analogies are so infinite, that it may well happen that the poet himself does not perceive all of them at first—hence the origin of an often repeated truth, though it sounds paradoxically, that the reader may find, and that there may actually be in an idea, more than the author himself was aware of, or contemplated; and hence the reason why the works of great poets, who are also profound thinkers, such as Goethe and Wordsworth, grow on the reader and never tire, because new beauties, that is, new combinations and relations of thought, are perpetually springing up. There is, on the contrary, another class of works which are immediately attractive by popular qualities, but all is on the surface, there is an utter want of depth and significance. Hence, while the Waverley novels have already acquired a universal popularity, the earlier metrical romances, instead of giving to, take all their fame from their admired author.—Whoever read twice the 'Lady of the Lake?' A poet may, it is true, sometimes keep himself too much aloof from the public, and when his poem is the expression of feelings arising out of a particular incident, and not from those general relations of life into which we all enter, an explication is necessary; hence Goethe has done well to explain, at length, in his life, the very fine poetical enigma, the 'Winter journey in the Harz Mountains.'

The first series consists of songs; and among these there is an infinite variety, as announced by the author in the prefatory verses, addressed *An die Günstigen*,—(To the friendly)—'Poets do not chuse to be silent, and *will* show themselves to the multitude. There must be praise and blame: no one will confess himself willingly in prose, but we are confidential, *sub rosa*, in the quiet grove of the Muses. How I erred, and how I strove; how I suffered, how I lived; are here but flowers in the nosegay: and age as well as youth, and faults as well as virtues appear, well in song.' A large proportion of these are amatory, and we have no love-songs in our language that so closely resemble them as those of Burns;—they have not the air of *fictions*—there is a character of *reality* about them, which indeed applies to all Goethe's poems. It is not a sham-Petrarchian passion, but a sturdy healthy feeling—in the expression, kept within the sphere of beauty and decorum by a purifying imagination. With these are blended jovial humour, airy conceits, and even dreamy contemplations on human life, as if from an unimpassioned observer.

The second series, *Gesellige Lieder*,—(convivial songs)—differ

only in the more apparent object of being intended for music ; as, in fact, they have been often composed, Goethe's songs being attempted by every German composer, among whom *Reichard* enjoys at present the most popularity.

The remarkable features of this class are occasionally deep pathos ; and more frequently the expression of his own philosophy of life. We must illustrate this by one example.

‘*Offne Tafel*—(Public Table.)

‘I invited many guests to-day : and the dinner is ready. All promised to come. Look, Mary, can you see them ? I invited wives who love their husbands the more, the more cross they are. They promised to come,’ &c.

And then there follow some half-dozen stanzas of invitations qualified in like manner : such as poets who would rather hear the songs of others sung than their own. But the meat is over-roasting, and the fish is overboiling, for no one comes. At length the host recollects himself.

‘Ah ! I fear we have been too precise, Mary ! What say you ? Nobody will come, &c. Do run, Mary, and invite fresh guests for me—

‘Jeder komme wie er ist,

Das ist wohl das beste.’

[Let every one come as he is ; that is best.]

‘It is already known in the town. Open the door, Mary. See, they are all coming.’

Now in this familiar song lies Goethe's practical wisdom—to be content with men and things as they are : turning to as good an account as may be, even the weaknesses as well as the powers of mankind. His philosophy may be designated a *poetical epicureanism*, in which the pleasures of imagination hold the balance with those of sense.

Next follow the *Ballads*. These are as popular as the Songs. More of these are known in English than of any other kind of Goethe's poems, Mr. Beresford having translated several of them in the ‘*Erato*.’ The ‘*Fisherman*,’ ‘*Earl King*,’ ‘*King in Thula*,’ &c. &c. have been translated into all languages. But the most important are still unknown to us. There are two which have drawn on the author loud reproaches—the ‘*Braut von Corinth*,’ and ‘*Der Gott und die Bajadere*.’ ‘*The Bride of Corinth*’ is a legend of the middle ages. A girl betrothed under the old religion is forced into a nunnery : and when the lover arrives for his mistress, she comes to him as a sort of vampire ; and, after a short interview, announces his death to him. She had cut off a lock of his hair, and devoted him, by that act, to the infernal gods. She then bursts out into pathetic declamations on the extinction of the beautiful divinities that before animated every grove and every fountain, to make room for a solitary tyrant.’ Now we do not mean to praise the purpose of this poem, but surely it is harmless. There is nothing seductive in it.—Indeed it would be very disgusting, but for the inimitable perfection

of its style. Neither does it corrupt the understanding. It proves nothing, and is meant to prove nothing, but the power of the poet in imagining and in exhibiting the human heart in all possible situations. Schiller worked up the same theme, in his usual rhetorical style, in his '*Götter Griechenlands*,' which excited a loud outcry when it first appeared; and in consequence of it his poems were prohibited for a season. And certainly it seemed as if the young poet seriously meant to argue the case; but no one thinks so now, and the ballad passes unnoticed among Schiller's Poems.

Herder once exclaimed, with great warmth, referring to these two poems, '*Das sind zwei scheussliche producte.*' [Those are two horrible things.] The other—'The God and the Bajadere,' was, in Herder's eyes, a profane parody of the most momentous miracle of our religion. Others may deem it but a poetical variety, borrowed from the Indian mythology, exhibiting in a form appropriate to that very sensual system, the most consolatory Christian doctrine. Whether an invention, or really found among the legends of India, the author of *Kehama* could, perhaps, tell us. The incident is simply this:—That Mahadoh, descending to the earth, for the sixth time, to try men's hearts, visits a dancing girl, and having excited a pure passion, dies. When his body is borne to the funeral pyre, she claims to be burnt with him; and being repelled by the priests, she rushes on the funeral pyre, when the youthful god rises and bears her away with him to heaven. On this, also, the poet has lavished all the power of his fancy, and peculiar charms of style.

Next follow two series of Elegies,—both of which are excluded from popularity by the classical form, the hexameter and pentameter distich,—and, the first of them, by the matter, from unqualified approbation; though such critics as the Schlegels consider them as among the most perfect works of art. These are the celebrated Roman Elegies, twenty in number. The scholar or traveller, who should seek for local allusions or descriptions, would be grievously disappointed. They are purely amatory; and the author avows that his desire was not to rest behind Propertius. We shall be excused enlarging on the contents. Though the theme is common to all climes, yet there is a local colouring, after all, which, like a Claude-glass, throws a peculiar tinge over every object. The state of morals and manners in that profligate and priest-ridden city at the close of the eighteenth century is portrayed very faithfully; and the identity of the ancient and modern world is not overlooked. The fifth Elegy ends with,

'Amor schützet die Lamp indess, und denket der Zeiten.

Da er den nämlichen Dienst seinen Triumvirn gethan.'

Amor, in the meanwhile, trims the lamp, and thinks of the times when he rendered the same service to his Triumviri*.

* The reader who may chance to visit the Eternal City, and may be curious to

Whatever wrinkles may have collected themselves round the brow of the stern reader, it will be smoothed at once by the second series. *Alexis and Dora*, the *New Pausias*,—see Pliny, b. xxxv. c. 40.—*Euphrosyne*,—Elegiac, in our sense of the word,—and *Amyntas*, combine, with all the charms of diction, a moral grace, which the most elevated and pure of our own great poets, Wordsworth, never surpassed. Then follows an exposition of his famous theory on the 'Metamorphosis of Plants.' They who will not read the prose dissertation, may enjoy the poem, in which the author breathes a living soul into the vegetable world. The 'Herman and Dorothea' is both a preface to that epic tale, and an apology for his Roman elegies.

'I am charged with vulgarity by the vulgar, and even the better class, upright and well-intentioned, would have me other than I am; but thou, Muse, alone commandest me, who art still renewing my youth, and promisest it to the end. But now, O Goddess, redouble thy care, for full locks no longer encircle my brow. Wreaths are become necessary to deceive both myself and others. Cæsar himself wanted the laurel but to conceal his baldness; hast thou destined a leaf for me? let it still flourish on the tree, and give it to me hereafter, when I better deserve it. And, in the meanwhile, roses sufficient for my use at home.' &c.

Next are two *Epistles* framed on the Horatian model—easy narrative in pedestrian verse, well contrasted with the deep and varied passion of the elegies.

We are now come to more than a hundred *Epigrams*, 'Venice 1790.' We have already remarked that they are in general rather in the spirit of the Greek Anthology, than of the Roman Martial—that is, they are not *pointed*—there is life in every part alike, and the beginning is not a mere preparation for the end. We will translate two as an illustration of this distinction—we take the twenty-first.

'The pilgrim pursues his course intently; and will he find the saint? hear and see the man who wrought the miracles? No: time has removed him. There are to be seen nothing but his skull and a few bones in a box—Pilgrims are we all,—we who visit Italy. It is but a scattered bone that we worship piously and with joy.'

The thought is not complete without the last line, but the sense is in every part. It seems otherwise in the one that precedes it.

'In repose are standing at the arsenal two old Grecian lions. Petty are the adjacent gate, the tower, the canal. Were the mother of the gods to descend, they would crouch gladly before her car, and she would

assign a place for the 15th Elegy, has to direct his steps to the *Bell*, a wine-house, formed out of one of the vaults, anciently a den for the wild beasts of the Theatre Marcellus. Under the arched roof, black with the smoke of two thousand years, he may chance to meet with a joyous company of German artists, quaffing delicious *Orcieto*, toasting the memory of their idolized poet, and, in full chorus, singing his songs. And if it chance to be '*In allen guten stunden*,' or '*Mich ergreift ich weiss nicht wie*,' it is not improbable that more than half of them will be in tears. *Experto crede Roberto*.

rejoice in her equipment. But there they stand mournfully. The modern winged tom cat is growling every where ; and he is the patron of Venice.'

This winged tom cat our readers will of course understand to be the winged lion of St. Mark, which once as a trophy adorned the *Ecole Militaire* at Paris, but now stands in its old place in St. Mark's square at Venice, a most ugly though very famous symbol of that celebrated and odious republic, which Goethe seems to have contemplated with more dislike than any other part of Italy.

We have not withheld from the reader the most objectionable of Goethe's poetical works. We hope that our readers will be willing to accept, as an atonement, the humane effusion of the following epigram, the seventy-second.

" Oh that I was but a wife, in a house of my own, how happy should I be, and how I would caress my husband !"—So I heard an unhappy girl singing, with other common songs, in the streets of Venice, and never have I heard a more pious prayer !"

We add the judgment of a friend, who has resided some years in Italy, that he found a more faithful picture of the country, and a deeper insight into the character of the people in Goethe's verse and prose, than in all the volumes which, as a qualification for his journey, he was condemned to read,—one single pentameter expresses the main phenomenon.

' *Leben und Weben ist hier, aber nicht Ordnung noch Zucht.*
[Life and motion (literally, weaving) are here, but not order or discipline.]

The *Weissagungen des Bakis*—(The Prophecies of Bakis)—mystical proverbial sayings,—our neighbours the French would say, mystifying, and we could not contradict them. Yet, who will deny the significant sense of the motto—' Strange is the prophet's song, but doubly strange what takes place.' More than a hundred epigrams follow, under the title of the ' Four Seasons,' which conclude the first volume. We have a vast number hereafter, under various titles. The following remarks are applicable to all :—Goethe has in these, like Shakspeare, furnished his countrymen with quotable sentences by thousands ; and of what importance these are to the *sense* of a country, they may judge who have observed what it is that ninety-nine out of a hundred Westminster boys carry across the road with them from the school, to St. Stephen's Chapel, or the other room—what, but bits from Horace, and, not so frequently, from Virgil ? In the facility of quotation lies the learning of many a statesman and M. P., who, immersed in business, lives on this stock brought from college ; and if he have luckily read Shakspeare in addition, he may with discretion go through life, and his utter ignorance of literature pass unobserved. The German may, in like manner, live on the epigrams and songs of Goethe. There is more sense in many a one of his innumerable proverbial rhymes and epigrams

in the classical metre, than in a score of the monotonous maxims of Rochefoucault, of which our neighbours are so vain.

We may now pass over the classes of the succeeding three volumes with rapidity. The second begins with sonnets, cantata, and *Miscellaneous Poems*. In this section are met with a considerable number of his most celebrated poems—the first fruits of his genius, as it exhibited itself before it had undergone a purifying—we do not say emasculating process—during his visit to Italy. In these poems are not found that exquisite polish of versification which distinguishes his later poems: many of them are without rhyme, and recommend themselves rather by the depth of the thought than the elaborate polish of the style. Here are the Song of Mahomet, Prometheus, Ganymede, and most of those poems on religion and metaphysics, composed while he was associating with those opposite characters, Lavater and Basedow; and while, as is the case with all young men of strong feelings and great powers of thought, he was endeavouring to solve the mysteries of metaphysical speculation. Infinite are the expressions of his no-knowledge both in serious and comic verses.

Another series consists of poems in the antique style, and another addressed to persons.

Some of our readers may recollect that, fifty years ago, Magazine poetry had, as a common title—*A copy of Verses*. Goethe has elaborately vindicated this kind of poetry as originating in matters of fact, and having for its purpose the expression of real feelings and actual relations in life*.

There is then a series of poems on *Art*, to which he had devoted so much of his life, and this class we recommend peculiarly to all to whom either art or the philosophy of the human mind is an object of interest. We have then a further collection of small poems, entitled—parabolic, proverbial, epigrammatic. These are very frequently in familiar *rhymes*—many in what the Germans term *Knittel* verse, *Cudgel* verse. We have nothing precisely like it in English. Its peculiar character is not the Hudibrastic burlesque rhyme, nor yet the Italian *versi sdrucchioli*, or *slippery* verse. It resembles more nearly the light and rattling lines of Dean Swift, who, when he pleased, was a very correct versifier. A certain negligence and departure from all rules is rather a merit than a fault. The recent 'Devil's Walk'

* A few years since, a friend, being on his way to Rome, observed to him that he should be contented if the carnival gave him half the pleasure which he had had from his description—which, by the bye, is one of the most admired of Goethe's prose writings. 'Aye, but it won't though,' replied the poet. 'To let you into a secret—you cannot imagine how intolerably *ennuyant* that same carnival was—I was living in the Corso, and the infernal noise made it impossible to work: so, in self-defence, I went to the balcony, and, with my pencil, noted down precisely what occurred. It is all sheer matter of fact. And that is the reason why it was so successful.' Goethe was so sensible of the importance of preserving the *real things*, that he had in seen travelling, that he carried his habit of preserving memorials so far as to keep play-bills, tavern-bills, and even the hand-bills he read in the street; his collection was numerous, which he called his *Actenstücke*, (Documents.)

of Mr. Coleridge comes nearer to these. There is an immense number of them, and late in life, after the author had given up the composition of large works, he gave this aphoristic form to the expression of all his thoughts.

We need not say that they are of very unequal merit, but in reading these, one is reminded of one of the sayings of Socrates. A trap being laid for him to induce him to censure a philosopher, whose mysticism it was thought was opposed to his own plain common sense, he answered—'Since I find all is good that I understand of Anaxagoras, I presume that that is good also that I do not understand.' Of these rhymed proverbs, the tone is gay, and the image taken from daily life: as, for instance, in the following:—

'AGE.—Age is a well bred man. He knocks again and again, but then, nobody cries "walk in." And as he cannot continue standing at the door, he lifts the latch, and bursts in upon you. And then every one cries out, How impertinent!'

Many are political, and impartially directed against both parties,—the government and the people. One example of each:—

'*Egalité*. No one strives to reach the highest. We begrudge our equals only. And the worst envy in the world is that which every one feels towards his fellows.'

'*Fürstenregel*—Rule for princes. Are men not to indulge in fancy, or in thinking, you must take care to provide pleasure for them. Do you wish really to serve them, you must fleece them and protect them.'

He might have entitled this 'Prussia and Austria.'

The third and fourth volumes consist of a repetition of the same kind of subjects and classes which are found in the two earlier volumes. And though there is no strictly defined chronological line drawn, yet, in general, they point out the change which time had produced in the author's mind. The epigrams are less violent, the thoughts are more subtle; the speculations are essentially the same. In the third volume there is a class of later lyrical poems. We have Masonic songs; a series on art; and additional parabolic verses; and a few translations; of which the most remarkable are some passages from Lord Byron's 'Manfred,' and 'Don Juan,' and Manzoni's famous 'Ode on the Death of Bonaparte,' who therein makes his hero die like a capuchin; and, by a devout death, do honour to the spirit of faith!

The fourth volume opens with an elaborate Mask, written in the year 1818, in honour of the Empress of Russia, who then visited her daughter, the consort of the Crown Princess. In this piece appear, besides a great number of allegorical figures, the leading characters of poems written by Schiller, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, &c. The whole court took part in the performance. And who so fit to represent Mephistopheles, that is, with reverence be it spoken, the Devil himself, as the poet himself, then near seventy years of age? The bold truths which he ventures to address could hardly have been tolerated by any court from any

REFORM SONG.

(Air — 'Scots, wha hae.')

**Now's the day, and now's the hour !
Freedom is our nation's dower,
Put we forth a nation's power,
 Struggling to be free !
Raise your front the foe to daunt !
Bide no more the snare, the taunt !—
Peal to highest heaven the chaunt,—
 ' Law and Liberty !'**

**Gather like the muttering storm !
Wake your thunders for REFORM !
Bear not, like the trodden worm,
 Scorn and mockery !
Waking from their guilty trance,
Shrink the foes as storms advance
Scathed beneath a nation's glance,—
 Where's their bravery ?**

Waves on waves compose the main ;—
Mountains rise by grain on grain ;—
Men an empire's might sustain
 Knit in unity !
Who shall check the ocean tide ?—
Who o'erthrow the mountain's pride ?—
Who a nation's strength deride,
 Spurning slavery ?

Hearts in mutual faith secure,
Hands from spoil and treachery pure,
Tongues that meaner oaths abjure,—
These shall make us free!

**Bend the knee, and bare the brow !
God, our guide, will hear us now !
Peal to highest heaven the vow,—**

Law and Liberty! **H. M.**

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND*.

A NEW and very powerful interest has of late become conjoined with that with which books partaking of the nature of Voyages and Travels have in all times been regarded. While it is quite as pleasant as ever it was to follow narratives of adventure and to have the imagination treated with pictures of the beauty of newly-discovered shores, of waters which have till now made solitary music, of forests which have whispered only to each other, of hills and dales, and rocks, and waterfalls, which have for ages awaited the presence of the master who is come at last, there is a further interest in such scenery from its being the probable exchange for the crowded workhouses, the sordid hovels or the loathsome city abodes of thousands of our crushed and almost hopeless population at home. We familiarize ourselves with every new scene in unappropriated lands, with the hope that it may prove the refuge of those to whom their native land is only a place to pine and die in. We measure distances, we calculate resources, we devour all facts that may serve as practical guides, in order to see what room may be allowed to hope, and how far we may be justified in indulging in ourselves and communicating to others a happy expectation of relief to the crowds of sufferers who here must suffer on till they die. We would fain show them that, on this side the grave, there is a better land, and send them to seek it. In these times, when such of the poor as have any hope left are looking up to their superiors for the direction of it, and when these their well-wishers are anxiously gazing abroad for knowledge on which to ground their advice, no public benefactors deserve more gratitude than those who furnish us with the information we want, who will lay before us the state and capabilities of the various regions where we may transport our surplus population, and enable us to judge what class will be most welcome in one place, what is requisite to the prosperity of settlers in another, and, in short, how we may most safely and expeditiously begin to unload the wheels of our great social machine. Without such guidance, emigration would be attempted and persevered in, because the pressure of want at home is becoming irresistible; but it would be accomplished at a vast expense of suffering and failure, which is already, and will be in a much greater degree, prevented by the authentic information placed within reach of the public. Without the aid of the benefactors just referred to, emigrants would wander forth to take their chance of prospering or perishing while learning the facts which they can now ascertain

* Sketch of the History of Van Diemen's Land, and an Account of the Van Diemen's Land Company. By James Bischoff, Esq.—London, Richardson, 1832.
Sketch of a Plan for the gradual Extinction of Pauperism, and for the Diminution of Crime. p. 52. By Rowland Hill.—Simpkin and Marshall.

beforehand. Those who have labour to sell, and those who may wish to buy, might each go to a wrong market: they might overlook the grand consideration of climate in their concern about the length of the voyage: they must have fairly committed themselves before they could ascertain the conditions of the appropriation of land; and amidst the pressure of unlooked for difficulties and hardships, a large proportion might be sacrificed before the remainder could be prosperously established. Such dangers and inconveniences would be effectually guarded against, if so valuable a compilation as that with which Mr. Bischoff has presented us were issued, regarding every region to which emigration is likely to be directed. So many authorities are brought together to bear on all the leading points which concern an emigrant, that no one, we imagine, could find himself deceived in his reasonable calculations, or exposed to much error, if he founded his arrangements under the sanction of the book before us. It appears to have been compiled for the sake of giving to the members of the Van Diemen's Land Company an accurate idea of the state and capabilities of the country in which they have invested their property: but it is scarcely less interesting to those whose views are directed thither for public objects. The work contains a history of the island, dating from fifty years back, when the great southern continent with its islands was discovered by Captain Cook; an account of its character, surface, climate, natural productions, and late improvements: a report of the present method of inflicting the punishment of transportation; and finally, an account of the establishment and progress of the Van Diemen's Land Company, with a valuable appendix, containing extracts from Parliamentary papers, and information respecting the aborigines of the island.

All these particulars may be said to concern the public; but the class of facts which is most interesting to those at home is that relating to convict labour and emigration, and the influence which these have on the fortunes of the honest poor settlers. These facts ought to be universally known in order to a speedy and effectual change of a system which operates injuriously in every way. It appears that 'when the Australian colonies first became penal settlements, transportation was attended with severe labour and great suffering. The accounts sent by convicts both of their voyage and their treatment on arrival tended to show that they were really receiving punishment due to their crime; that whatever situation they might have filled in England, it could not be improved in exile, but that the verdict of a jury and the sentence of a judge brought upon them disgrace and misery. It was a common saying that the sentence of transportation was very little better than that of death.' For four or five years after the establishment of the penal colony the contracts for the conveyance of prisoners were made for so many embarked from England, not for so many disembarked in the colony; the consequence was that

the captains of the transports had a direct interest in killing the prisoners; and, in fact, it was a common thing for one-third, or half, or even two-thirds of the prisoners to die on the passage. On their arrival, the convicts were sent to government farms in the first instance, and worked very severely, so that there was much fear of what they had to go through. The accounts sent home by the convicts tended of course to deter from the commission of crime, and availed also to procure a relaxation of the system. A change of plan respecting the arrangements for the voyage was absolutely necessary; but the amelioration extended too far, when it included the treatment of convicts on their arrival. The local government seems to have lost sight of the principle, that the transportation of convicts was to act as a preventive of crime at home, and to have directed its endeavours towards making the criminals not only as good, but as happy as possible. It was the invariable practice of General Macquarrie, during his long administration, to assure the newly-arrived convict, that his past conduct would be entirely overlooked, and that his treatment would depend on his conduct from that day forward. Under a plan of sequestration in his own country, where the criminal could enjoy no advantages which honest men did not, as honest men, enjoy in a greater degree, such an assurance might not have been mischievous; but in a region abounding immeasurably above the mother country in the comforts of life to the labouring classes, the remission of punishment on landing, even though only partial, must act as a premium on crime: and so it has proved. Mitigation of punishment became the rule of treatment: the criminal was allowed the fruits of a certain portion of his weekly labour, and found that he was more likely to grow rich by getting transported, and working five days in the week for government and one for himself, than by six days hard labour at home. With the lapse of time, more privileges are allowed, and their gains go on increasing, till they become free from all restriction but that of fixing their residence in a certain district. Mr. Busby's evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons states that 'it has been the tendency of such a system to banish from their own minds the salutary feeling that they were doomed to eat the bitter fruits of bondage, as a satisfaction to the injured laws of their country, and as a beacon to others to avoid a similar course of conduct; and now that all the hardships inseparable from the first settlement and earlier stages of a colony have been overcome, the situation of a majority has been such as rather to excite the envy than the dread of the poorer classes in England, to whom their condition is understood to be well known.' Well known indeed! The facts are current among their former acquaintances here, that a great number of the persons who keep carriages in Sydney were once convicts; and that this person and that person, once cronies of their own, are in situations where they are getting

money. Those who are under sentence of transportation, know that their friends are making exertions to procure good situations for them, and indulge visions of wealth and happiness such as the honest poor man knows he has no chance of attaining in his native land. Among a herd of criminals, some one is generally found who has been transported before, and whose representations of the prospect of doing well fill his hearers with delight. What wonder that people induce their relatives to commit crime in order to get them well established, as stated by Mr. Busby? Or that a magistrate has been asked what extent of crime would ensure transportation?

But it may be said that as good, or better prospects lie before the honest emigrant. This, however, is not the case. Those who cannot afford to pay their passage, are obliged to bind themselves on certain conditions, for a term of years, to serve the person who pays their expenses, and at about half the wages that they could, if free, obtain in the colony. The more honest the labourer, the more strictly will he adhere to his engagement; and while a convict obtains leave to work for himself, at the highest wages, at the end of four years, the honest man is in bondage for seven; and it becomes clearly the interest of the settler to pay for his passage by the perpetration of crime.—That which is wanted is, that the sentence of the criminal should be defined; that his labour should be distinguished in kind from that of the honest man, and attended with such hardship as shall make it disgusting; and, above all, that the substantial recompense of good conduct should be deferred till the expiration of the term of punishment. From the evils of a disadvantageous contract, the honest emigrant can be guarded only by the wider diffusion of knowledge respecting the state of the labour market in the country to which he wishes to go: but from other evils of arbitrary imposition he ought to be relieved, and will be, probably, ere long, since government has taken the matter into consideration. We trust that our courts of justice will not long be the scene of the absurd scandal of a judge pronouncing sentence of transportation with tearful eyes, and after an awful preface about the horror of the punishment, while the prisoner tips the wink to his friends, or replies with a flippant 'Thank'ee, my lord, 'tis the best thing could happen to me.' We trust that free labourers will not long be disheartened in their plans of emigration by the intelligence that honesty is *not* the best policy; and that while government and individuals are exerting themselves, in the most praiseworthy manner, to transmit our surplus numbers, all needless hinderances to their voluntary emigration may be removed.

These beneficial changes are likely to take place, various plans having been already discussed by the general and local governments; and some, bearing the impress of wisdom and humanity

being already in operation. For the encouragement of capitalists who may wish to settle in the colony, improved methods of dividing and disposing of lands are devised; and in order to supply them with labourers, and to relieve in the most efficacious manner the over-peopled districts of the mother country, various measures are proposed. A tax is recommended to be laid on convict labour of every kind, which will be productive of a large annual sum, available for emigration purposes: to which purposes will also be applied a fund to be raised from the purchase of lands. The labourers thus assisted over, are to be furnished by government with the knowledge requisite in the formation of their contracts; and to repay the expenses of their removal in stated proportions; and the purchasers of lands are to obtain an abatement in the purchase, or redemption of quit-rents, to the amount of the expense they have incurred in bringing over labourers. But perhaps the most important measure yet adopted, is the shipment of young women to the colony. They are in great request as household servants, and, if possible, more still as dairy-women, and managers of those parts of farm business usually superintended by women. As for other matters of more important concern,—as the population of Van Diemen's Land consists of 10,790 men and only 3560 women, it is evidently desirable that more such shipments should be made as that which has lately taken place. Twelve hundred young women, of ascertained respectability of character and useful qualifications have been lately embarked under guardianship which can scarcely fail of securing the prosperous issue of the arrangement. The applicants or their friends pay half the expense, viz., eight pounds, and the government the remainder: and applicants who are capable of paying more are (always supposing them respectable) entitled to a preference. The applications to government are so numerous that nothing seems likely to prevent the repetition of the measure till the population of the colony shall be equalized.

If a permanent fund can be established out of the resources of each country to which emigration is desirable, to enable emigration to be carried into effect, there will arise a state of things midway between the extreme wretchedness now existing in this country, and the prosperous condition in which it might be if the people were universally informed respecting the causes and remedies of their distress. While the schoolmaster is giving his lessons, and until his pupils can put in practice what they have learned, let their misery be alleviated by means which are not the less fit for our purpose because they will in time be superseded. Van Diemen's Land may be full of people a thousand years hence; but it is nearly empty now, and thither let us therefore send the brimmings of our population. Those who are left behind will still have enough of want and misery before their eyes to

teach them, in time, (however slow they may be to learn,) the means by which it rests with them to proportion labour to capital, —consumers to the means of subsistence.

No method of location at home will permanently relieve our difficulties: and this may be so clearly proved, that it gives us great concern to see so many benevolent persons bent upon trying the experiment of home colonies in preference to emigration. Home colonies impose no check on population, but rather afford an encouragement to it; a much less return to capital is obtained than in the colonies abroad; and a much larger class becomes by their means engaged in the mere production of food, to the ultimate extensive degradation of the whole population. We go all lengths with Mr. Hill in our horror of the pauper system as it at present subsists; but we are confident that its evils can be only temporarily relieved by such home locations as he recommends. The policy of a nation in an advanced state of civilization can never be to descend from improved to primitive methods of tillage, from an economy to a profuse expenditure of labour. Labour superabounds, it is true; but instead of employing it where it requires a larger outlay of capital with a less return, let it be conveyed where there is a less outlay of capital with a larger return. While there is an ample surface of rich land in Australia, which already yields more than can be consumed, let us not waste our capital and labour on such a soil as Dartmoor. Let the Quarterly Review be as correct as it will respecting the number of millions of acres that might be made productive within the bounds of Great Britain,—if we have more millions of acres of land of a far better quality elsewhere, it is our best policy to devote to it what capital we can spare, especially if population goes on increasing all the time so as to forebode new calls upon the next generation,—calls which will be as welcome in Australia as burdensome at home.

The Van Diemen's Land Company appears likely to flourish in proportion to its deserts,—which is saying a great deal. The account Mr. Bischoff gives us of its proceedings and the principles on which they are grounded is extremely interesting. Their directors seem to be harmonious, their proprietors satisfied, their servants prosperous and full of reciprocal gratulation, their bulls, rams, and horses, duly honoured throughout the colony, and their pastures such as to put us in mind of the twenty-third Psalm. The company engage their servants at low wages in comparison with what are given in some parts of the island, and have them bound for a term of years in order to the repayment of their passage out, and yet the farming men are generally in places at wages of from thirty to fifty guineas a-year with a maintenance; the shepherds fifty to sixty pounds a-year; the mechanics are chiefly at Launceston, and earning ten shillings per day and upwards: these latter have got town allotments, and are most of them building or about to build good brick cottages for them-

selves.'—We cannot resist giving an extract from one of the Company's Reports, which will convey an idea of the aspect of one portion of the territory in its possession. We hold him an enviable surveyor who first discovered it.

On the 14th they arrived at the base of a lofty hill, which was named after the day, Valentine's Peak. From the summit and from an elevation of 3000 feet, they saw a fine open country to the north-east, and south-west. Descending the south side of the hill, they alighted in the evening upon grassy hills and knolls, resembling a neglected old park in England; 1000 to 1500 acres in a patch, and without a tree, except a few clumps of black-wood. Kangaroos were here in abundance, as in every other part of the country about to be described; a sure sign of the goodness of the soil and herbage. A brook runs across this district, the banks of which are green with trefoil. Proceeding in a direction west-south-west, they passed through an excellent country, consisting of gently rising, dry, grassy hills. On the following day they walked over many considerable hills, the grass of which had recently been burned by the natives, and soon after came to a noble river, with a strong current, gliding smoothly along from south to north, and which they named the Don by way of distinction. At that part it was about sixty yards wide, and in the shallowest place up to their middles in crossing. On its banks are complete sloping shrubberies. At some distance from this river (Mr. Hellyer proceeds to state) they ascended the most magnificent grassy hill he had seen in the island, the sides consisting of several level terraces, as if laid out by art, and the top crowned with a straight row of stately peppermint trees, beyond which there was not a tree for four miles along the grassy hills. He congratulated himself on having had so fine a day as the preceding, or he could have had a very imperfect idea of the extent of good country around him. The plains, or rather hills, which he had just passed over, he named, from their extent and importance, the Surrey Hills, being about the same distance inland, as that county in England. He describes them as resembling English enclosures in many respects, being bounded by brooks between each, with belts of beautiful shrubs in every vale. The grasses in the line of their walk were principally timothy, foxtail and single kangaroo. The surface soil is a dark vegetable mould upon a rich brown open loam, of various depths, and lighter in colour according to its depth; but the substratum is every where gravelly, which appears to render these hills perfectly dry. All the brooks have hard pebbly bottoms, are free from mud, and the water is as clear as crystal. The trees found on these hills are generally of fine growth, very tall and straight, some of them measuring a hundred feet to the lowest branch, and stand a hundred yards apart. This Mr. Hellyer does not think at all too thickly timbered to afford a shade from the summer heat; and it

should be remembered, that the trees of Van Diemen's Land do not cover the ground as in England. In number they did not average more than about ten to an acre. There were many open plains hereabout, of several square miles, without a single tree. The plains or hills to the north of the Peak, being the first open country Mr. Hellyer entered upon in this journey, he has named the Hampshire Hills. They appear even more park-like than the Surrey Hills, and are handsomely clumped with trees. The course of the party from the peak had now carried them nearly twenty miles; and as far as they were able to see, there arose on all sides grassy hills without number, which it was delightful to look round upon from one higher than the rest.'—pp. 117-20.

Government must of course be sensible of the advantages communicated to the island by the location of the Company, and we hope private settlers are so too. If there were such a blessing in store for Ireland as the settlement of a wealthy company in one corner, diffusing the streams of its capital and civilization through its very centre, how all Great Britain would applaud! Van Diemen's Land and Ireland are about the same size, and their natural resources might perhaps have been upon a par. If they could now equally divide their aggregate population, they might soon be the two finest countries in the world, instead of being likely to take their antagonist stations as example and warning of how the bounties of God and nature may be improved or abused. Government fixed the location of the Company at the north-west corner of the island, which had never been explored, and thereby saved the expense of surveying it, and secured the advantage of an immense tract for private settlers lying between the possessions of the Company and its own. Roads have been opened to communicate with the formerly inhabited districts; the pastures have been stocked with animals of the purest breeds, from which the animal produce of the whole island derives great improvement; and, better still, the servants of the Company, all, by selection, respectable in their stations and intelligent, have done and will do much for the morals and temporal interests of their neighbours. It is very fair that the honours peculiar to newly-discovered lands should be paid to those who have rendered such benefits as these to Van Diemen's Land.—We observe a Mount Bischoff in the map, besides other names which equally deserve this appropriate species of immortality.

Why has no *plan* of naming new districts ever been adopted? Till there is, the civilized world will not be released from the torture inflicted by the jumbling together of uncongenial associations. Explorers begin by adopting the cardinal points: which is all very well. West Point, South Shore, &c., sound very proper. Quite as good are such terms as denote the character of the object specified, as Table Promontory, Cape Grim, Calm Bay, &c. Next come, and generally unobjectionably,

specifications of the productions by which the thing named is characterized, as Emu River, Pigeon Hill, &c. Next, and very fairly, provided congruity be regarded, come the names of personages who have an immediate and conspicuous connexion with the primal history of the place; such are Mount Bischoff, as aforesaid, Hellyer River, Arthur River, &c. In some cases, it may be permitted to name new places after ancient ones, provided there be a striking resemblance of aspect, and the association is not merely individual and fanciful, though it is better to avoid the confusion which might arise from not preserving individuality of name. The Hampshire and Surrey Hills of Van Diemen's Land may, however, be allowed to pass. But when the fancies of a variety of minds are allowed to vent themselves in nomenclature, the jumble becomes intolerable; as when we read of a new road (not in the Company's district) which leads to Richmond and Jericho! Whether we consider the tastes of grown-up people at home, or the interests of the little ones who are to be born in these new places and to take a short trip from either to visit their companions in the other, we are driven to complain of this monstrous inroad upon proprieties. It is absurd enough, and, as we well remember, puzzling enough to a child, to have an Etruria in our own country: let us have no more such collocations of terms as Richmond and Jericho, Brighton and Bagdad. We are happy to see no oriental or classical names in that part of the map which comprehends the Van Diemen's Land Company's district.

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING DOWN THE RHONE. MAY 8, 1832.

Adown, adown the rapid Rhone!
 Amid its craggy hills sublime—
 Whose rugged tops were built upon
 By Princes of the feudal time—
 All peaceful now—all warlike then!
 In ancient days each separate hill
 Sent forth its brave and battling men,
 The neighbouring mountain brave—to *kill*.

O happy change! the vine-trees grow
 In smiling luxury—and the noise
 Of horrid war ne'er troubles now
 The sweet, the silent rural joys!
 And when shall *nations* tower above
 The festering hate of gather'd years—
 And dwell in peace and dwell in love
 Like these regenerate villagers?

J. BOWRING.

ROMANISM AND EPISCOPACY*.

THE idea of this work is excellent. We were struck with it on first seeing the advertisement; but it was not till we had read the book itself that we became fully aware how comprehensive is its plan, and how admirable a clew it furnishes to the intricacies of all established religions, not excepting that of which the author is an honoured minister. This work is, in fact, an exposure of the evils of establishments, and all that is necessary for a logical overthrow of the church of England is a fair extension of the principles of this book to the one other case of which it does not treat. If Dr. Whately would take his own volume for a text-book, and practise upon it the rules of his other volume, on logic, the result must be, to a spirit so candid and liberal as his, that he would resign his archbishopric into other hands, and preach the gospel in a plain coat, black or blue as it might beseem. The candour and liberality of our author being granted,—and who questions either?—let us proceed to establish the other half of our position.

We hope that none turn away from this book because the word Romanism is conspicuous in the title-page. Many are weary of hearing of whatever bears any relation to the pope. The Catholic question being settled, they think all connected with Romanism is over and gone. They do not want to be convinced that there is folly in holy-water, and wax-lights, and Latin-prayers, and incense, and have decided long ago that there is neither profit nor pleasure in monachism. They think that if O'Connell would but agitate himself into his grave, the matter of his faith might drop; or that if it must be still brought before our eyes occasionally, it is only helping to keep it alive to write about it. All this is suggested to some persons by the word Romanism: but if they will have patience just to look at the table of contents, they will find that Judaism, Mahometism, Paganism, are nearly convertible terms with Romanism as regards the matter of this book. Human nature as acted upon by religion, and acting upon religion,—under whatever aspect, is our author's subject: and we find the brazen serpent and the cross, the sword of the Prophet and the crosier of the Pope, the dark rites of Paganism and the mysteries of Romanism, all brought to bear on the dangers and abuses of Protestantism, and made to serve as an elucidation of the intricacies of the heart of man.

Our author stands on firm ground when he contends that

* The Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature. By Richard Whately, D.D. London: Fellowes. 1830.

human nature has the same tendencies every where and at all times, those tendencies being only modified and not radically changed by the various influences to which men are subjected. 'As face answereth to face in water, so is the heart of man:' and Eve would have known her own likeness whether she looked at it in cisterns fouled with earthly intermixtures or in the mountain lake freshened with streams from heaven. From his main position our author cannot be dislodged: the question is, whether he has not left an opening through which an adversary may reach him, and whether he can be secure till he has extended his lines one post farther.

His six chapters treat of Superstition, of Vicarious Religion, of Pious Frauds, of undue Reliance on Human Authority, of Persecution, and of Trust in Names and Privileges.

He begins well by adverting to the popular difficulty,—the difficulty which the schoolboy puts and at which his wise father shakes his head,—how the Israelites could be so ineffably stupid, so absolutely infatuated, as to be idolatrous;—idolatrous in so gross a manner as they were, while they had Jehovah's visible presence for their guide, his audible presence for their oracle, and his sensible and immediate chastisements and rewards for their government. The golden calves, and the groves and altars and invocations of Baal are equally an astonishment to the baptized child and his Christian parent; for want, as Dr. Whately tells us, of that philosophy which enables the student of human nature to discern the same principles in their different manifestations. The same vices and absurdities may have existed in every age under different forms; taking their proportions, of course, from the various kinds and degrees of restraint which circumstances impose. The Israelites had not our advantages of experience. We judge of them by the event: they could not do so of any preceding people: and if our judgment of them could be compared with that which the generations of A.D. 5832 will form of us, the decision might not be so incomparably in our favour as we may suppose. Looking only to what is past, there is no such wonderful difference between worshipping the brazen serpent (which had once really had its sanctity) and venerating the feather of Gabriel's wing with which the Koran was written, and adoring the wood of the true cross. Yet the Mahometans marvelled at the Jews, and the Catholics marvel at the Mahometans. Some there are also that marvel at the Catholics; but are all such quite sure that they see no sanctity in the sacramental bread and wine, or in the east rather than the west, or in the season of Lent, or even in a surplice and lawn sleeves? Dr. Whately alleges not only that these superstitions exist, but several even more absurd, and he speaks from the experience to which his professional duty has led him. We cannot follow him through the whole of his most useful ex-

posure of popular superstitions ; but we must put a plain question to him on a text which he has himself furnished.

He says, (p. 71.) ' All these and numberless other such superstitions, it was the business of the Romish priesthood, not to introduce indeed, but to encourage and maintain, inasmuch as they almost all tend to increase the influence and wealth of the Hierarchy : let it be the Protestant pastor's business, not only to abstain from conniving at or favouring any thing of the kind, but (remembering that the original source of superstition is not in the Church of Rome but in the heart of man) to be ever on the watch against its inroads from various quarters and in various shapes.'

This is true and good as far as it goes, but it is not complete. The Church of England should be coupled with that of Rome throughout this passage ; for whatever applies to the one applies to the other also. Superstitions respecting the sacraments, feasts and fasts, and the whole ritual of our church, indirectly tend, by exalting the clergy, to increase the influence of the Hierarchy ; and superstitions respecting tithes, &c., tend directly to increase its wealth ; so that it becomes ' the business of the English clergy, not to introduce indeed, &c. &c.' And again, if the original source of superstition be in man's heart, is it not the duty of his spiritual guides so to arrange and vary all outward ordinances as that there may be the least possible danger of encouraging a notion of any inherent sanctity in any of them ? Did not Christ aim at this in what he said of the washing of hands and the giving of gifts ? And had not Paul the same object in what he wrote concerning the Lord's feast at Corinth ? And does the church co-operate with or contravene the Scriptures in appointing holy persons, and holy places, and holy times, however strenuously her best prelates may argue and warn against a superstitious abuse of such institutions ?

The mention of holy persons leads us on to Dr. Whately's second chapter, on Vicarious Religion. The argument against the existence of two kinds of religion, one for a certain class and another for all, is triumphant. It is founded on the true explanation of the term ' mystery,' and our only wonder is that one who adopts that explanation should still hold the doctrine of the Trinity as the basis of that faith whose object is to *make manifest* that which had before been concealed. Of course the existence of this doctrine must be manifest to our author, though the meaning of anything so inexplicable cannot be, and (as he owns) is not manifest. We differ from him in two ways. We hold the Apostle's meaning to be, not that the *existence* but the *nature* of religious doctrine is made manifest by the Christian revelation ; and we not only do not discern the doctrine of the Trinity in the gospel, but we discern that it is not there. Though some think us blinded, like the people of Dothan, who saw nothing of the glory

which was apparent to the servants of God, we rather liken ourselves to the Nazarenes who searched the temple of Ephesus and found no supplementary Deity within the shrine. Knowing that Jehovah was there, they knew that Diana could not be there too. As long as any dogma is taught as a part of Christianity, on which the understandings of the people are at fault, while they see their teachers disputing about that which it is acknowledged they cannot understand, there will exist a powerful temptation to hold a vicarious faith. While they see some as carefully guarding against Unitarianism as others against tritheism,—Magee against Sherlock, and Whately against Magee,—on points on which the people can come to no satisfactory decision themselves, the greatest possible encouragement is given to them to repose their faith in despair on their clergy; and thus,—to use the words of our author,—‘the unprofitable, absurd, presumptuous, and profane speculations of scholastic theologians (not all of them members of the Romish Church,) which are extant, afford a melancholy specimen of the fruits of this mistake as to the Christian mysteries—this corruption from the *simplicity* that is in Christ.’ (p. 83.)

The inference which our author draws from the distinction (familiar to every reader of the original gospel) between *Hiereus* and *Presbyteros*,—Priest and Elder—only needs to be extended to answer our purpose as well as his. He proves that there never was and never can be any *priesthood* connected with genuine Christianity; that the priests under the Jewish law held a special office to which there is nothing analogous in the new dispensation; that the priesthoods of Paganism were of the same distinctive character as that of Judaism; and that the Romish church is therefore either Pagan or Jewish, and decidedly Anti-Christian, in this one of her institutions. But what better can be said of the constitution of the Church of England? What is the meaning of ordination? What is the transmission of the Holy Ghost? Why have we such a term as ‘holy orders’? May or may not any good man imbued with gospel wisdom mount the pulpits of our cathedrals? Do or do not our prelates enjoy legislative and other privileges on account of their episcopal rank? Are or are not the pastors of the church chosen by the people to instruct them and guide their devotions,—as professors of arts and science are ostensibly chosen,—because they have qualified themselves for the office and for no other reason?—There is no use in recurring, for a justification of the negative, to apostolic times. Beyond the few, specially authorized by the gifts of the Spirit, we read of no investment with office but that which was subservient to the division of labour. The bishops, presbyters and deacons were like the different ranks of officers in our universities, or our government departments, or our army and navy, or any of our institutions,—except our church. However, as Dr. Whately

insists as strenuously as we can do on there being no priesthood in Christianity, we have only to ask him why he countenances an establishment which assumes the principle of a priesthood; and why, discerning so clearly as he does the proneness of the multitude to vicarious religion, he upholds a system which affords the utmost conceivable encouragement to this vice. If it must needs be that the offence cometh, who would assist the means by which it comes?

If Dr. Whately sees that true Christianity has no priesthood, and believes that the primitive church government (of which his own is but an indecent caricature) was an institution of expediency, meant to be modified by time and circumstance, he must discern the approach of the day when every man shall serve at the altar, (since that altar is the heart of every man;) when every man shall be brought up to a divine profession, (since gospel wisdom is a pursuit of individual attainment;) when the only ranks in the Christian hierarchy will lie in different degrees of spiritual accomplishment? Why retard this happy time? Why take all possible pains to propagate and confirm by the practice, while the lips and the pen contradict, the impression that there is an *order* of servants of the altar, that there is a peculiar divine *profession*, that there is a divinely authorized *gradation of ranks* in the Christian community? Not all that the archbishop can do in explaining the character and offices of Christian ministers; not all his advocacy of the education of the poor for the sake of promoting personal religion; not all his careful explanations of the professional distinction between clergy and laity; not all his clearly defined appreciation of what it is in which Christian pastors are to be an example to their flocks, will nullify or greatly mitigate the pernicious influence of his sanction of a system which upholds every one of the abuses he labours to expose. Does he remember that there have been Romanists as candid, as sagacious, as exemplary as himself, who have with equal earnestness separated the pure truth of *their* system from its entanglements, only to have the web woven round again as closely as ever when they were called away from their work? Fenelon possessed the spirit of the gospel in much strength and purity, and through it became a benefactor to society: but he was a Romanist archbishop; and through his office became a pattern of superstition, and in so far, the enemy of the race for whom he would have laid down his life. Whately—but we leave our readers to make out the parallel for themselves, once more offering our conclusion in the author's words. 'Now if the Jews be justly condemned who crucified our Lord between two thieves—thus studiously "numbering with the transgressors" of the vilest kind the only man who never transgressed—it is awful to think what account those will have to render at the last day who labour to vilify his religion by confounding it with the grossest systems of human imposture and

superstition, in those very points in which the two are not only different, but absolutely *contrasted*.' (p. 110.)

In charging the Church of England with the same vices that characterize the Romish, we do not mean to convey that they subsist in so monstrous a form or to so pernicious an extent. The progression of ages forbids that they should. But the amelioration of practice is no proof of a rectification of principle, though it may and must lead to it, and be in its turn acted upon by it. Pious frauds are, from their very nature, dependent for their extent upon the darkness of the age. With an equal disposition to be fraudulent, knaves of every class must calculate their measures, and estimate their success by circumstances beyond their own control, by the light of the age and the advancement of the people they have to do with : and no church, however ill-constituted, could now rival the enormities in the way of pious frauds which were perpetrated by the Romish church in the dark ages. But institutions which foster the disposition and multiply the temptations to such frauds are not therefore the less pernicious. Of these we hold the Church of England to be one. There is pious fraud involved in her plea for her gains. She connives at pious fraud in all the distinctions she originates between the clergy and the laity, and sets a premium upon it wherever she offers privileges or emoluments which have for their condition a certain profession of faith. Could the minds of our British clergy be laid open as the minds of Christian men should be, how many real churchmen would be found among them? Set aside those who have no opinions on their faith at all, and those who will have none ; those who stifle their own instincts after truth, and those who pervert them ; set aside the tri-theists, and the Unitarians, (equally condemned by the Athanasian Creed ;) set aside the Arians, and Sabellians, and Deists,—set aside those who pledge themselves to the Articles without thinking, or in spite of thought, those who fear to speak heresy, and those who quietly inculcate heresy,—all, in short, who would not in God's presence say amen to the Common Prayer Book, from beginning to end, and how many remain? None of these have a right to the privileges of the church on her own conditions ; and though we will not say that a large proportion of them are not really blind, we cannot but think that a strong temptation is held out to them to shut their eyes. We will allege against the church, in this particular, only what she herself admits ; that there is a diversity of opinion within her pale, while her emoluments are offered on a supposition of uniformity of opinion. This she will not deny ; and this is enough. By her own confession, she sets a premium upon hypocrisy. She does not, like the Romish church, cajole the crowd with mummeries, and saints with false promises, and sinners with false threats, and devotees with a jugglery of the imagination. She does not do

this, because she cannot. But what she can, she does; for she is possessed with her own branch of the family of Legion. She allegorizes, and prevaricates, and mystifies, and coaxes, and frowns, and does everything but speak out and make her servants tell the whole truth. There may be some who fathom her meaning, and swear faithfully to it, and do good service accordingly. It is well; let them be rewarded. But there are others who swear to her in one sense, and serve in another. They serve, however, and are therefore rewarded. There are yet others, who shake their heads about her meaning, but do her bidding: they are to be rewarded of course. But what is to be done with the class who neither understand nor serve? Why if they *say* they understand, let them come in for their share. And this is not encouraging deceit for the credit of the church! What then is pious fraud?

This third head, also, we close with a passage from our author, warning those who would attain a good end,—especially the confirmation of the faith, to abstain from using, or permitting to be used, any but unexceptionable means. ‘Let it not be lost sight of that the fraud by which they sought to support the system—the “wall daubed with untempered mortar,” with which they thought to buttress up their edifice—has always tended to its decay. Not only did it give rise to a hostile separation among Christian churches, but in countries which have continued under the Papal sway, the abhorrence and contempt excited by the detection of a fraudulent system, has led the far greater part of the educated classes into secret, but total, apostacy from Christ. With the indiscriminate rashness, which is universally so common, they have confusedly blended together in their minds Christianity and its corruptions; and having in so many instances detected fraud with absolute certainty, they think it not worth while to inquire further; but take for granted, that all the church teaches is one tissue of imposture and superstition throughout.’ (p. 168.) Bearing in mind that disguise, or even silence, on opinions where they differ from the public act of profession, is fraud, we shall see nothing in the above extract that does not apply to the church of England.

The fourth chapter,—on undue reliance on human authority,—proceeds throughout on the assumption that a church, in the popular sense of the word, is necessary; and this in the face of an explanation, elsewhere given, of the real meaning of the term, viz., an assemblage of worshippers. We go along with our author in all that he says of the probable origin of the Romish assumption of infallibility, and of the importance of the fact that no creeds were left us by the primitive Christians, and no traces of any catechetical form used by them; but our inferences from all this would be widely different from his. Whence does he learn ‘the necessity which exists of making use of (framed) human expositions of the

scripture ; not only for the purpose of providing a symbol, test, or creed, (such as our Thirty-nine Articles,) in order to ascertain a sufficient agreement in members of the same religious community, but also for the purposes of public worship and catechetical instruction ? How does it follow from the fact that the sacred writers left no forms, that they committed 'to the church the office of systematically *teaching*, and to the *scriptures* that of *proving* the Christian doctrines ? We should rather infer from the facts, that there is no 'necessity' for forming any creed, or it would have been done for those who were much more in danger (from their ancient prejudices) of mixing error with truth than ourselves. We should infer, that no *systematic* teaching by any separate body of men was contemplated in relation to future times. The early Christians were compelled to form a *community*, surrounded as they were on all sides by enemies. Teaching, whether systematic or not, was necessary for every convert, as conversion was the act of giving up one religion for another of an opposite character. The case is widely different with us. We are not a small and despised body, hedged in by Paganism and Judaism, and at war with all the prejudices of all the world. Christianity is absolutely free, in our land, from all external opposition ; and its disciples begin their Christian course from a different starting point,—from a state of pure ignorance, instead of confirmed prejudice. They must be taught ; but the teaching is not, as formerly, the explanation of the points wherein this new faith differs from all ancient ones, but an instilling of principles which are only opposed by the dispositions of the individual and the passing circumstances of the time. The teaching of the present day should, therefore, be adapted to the wants of the individual, and therefore *systematic* only in relation to himself. That which is made systematic in the abstract will assuredly fail of its purpose, and will prove an imposition, and not an explanation, of doctrine. What suits one age is unfit for another. What suits one individual is unfit for another. Let defences then be withdrawn where there is no opposition. Let impositions be relinquished, which are confessedly unauthorized. Let creeds and tests be abolished, since it is clear that they cannot secure uniformity of opinion, and since we have abundant evidence that such uniformity is not decreed by God, and makes no part of the religion of Christ. And if it be true that there is a proneness in human nature to sleep over its best interests, and to confide to fallible teachers concerns which have been committed to no guardianship but its own, away with all institutions which, besides failing of their objects, encourage this proneness. If the evils of spiritual assumption on the one hand, and indolence on the other, are inseparable from the influence of an establishment, (as experience has ever proved,) this alone is reason enough why such institutions should be given up ; especially when no authority—not even that of analogy—can be adduced in their support.

Dr. Whately is not like many of the divines of the church of England, who are horrified at the Romish claim of infallibility, and yet, practically, assume the same attribute for their church, by denying that any reform ever has been, is, or will be, necessary. Dr. Whately is friendly to reform; and when he proves to us that his church is as candid as himself,—when he gives us evidence of her ‘readiness to correct anything that shall be proved at variance with scripture or with reason,’ we shall discuss these matters with as much pleasure with her as with himself. But who is permitted to offer the proof he speaks of, and by whom is it to be admitted? Such proof has been offered a thousand times, by living and breathing men, and it remains on their tongues and in their books; but the church is an impersonality, and cannot be reached; and thus the invitation to a discussion becomes a mere taunt. It is as if a ghost should impose commands, and inflict penalties, and levy supplies, and claim allegiance; and, in answer to our complaints, should offer an insulting challenge to combat. If Dr. Whately offers himself as a representative of this abstract power, well and good. We will fight with him, *con amore*, if he will only promise not to take refuge under the wing of his invisible sovereign, as soon as we get the better of him.

We are reminded at every page of the next chapter, on Persecution, of these our objections to an establishment. Our author reasons well on what persecution is and whence it arises, in order to guard against a sin to which human nature is peculiarly prone; but he overlooks the fact, that wherever an organized church is connected with the state, there must be indirect, if not direct persecution. Wherever there is a prescribed faith with which are connected secular advantages of any kind, honest men who cannot subscribe to this faith are precluded from these advantages, *i. e.* are persecuted; for there is none but an arbitrary connexion between the religious faith and the secular advantages. A case in point is the exclusion of Dissenters from our universities, or their honours, because they cannot subscribe the articles of the church. There is no more real connexion between the studies of the university and the faith of the church, than between the weaving of broadcloth and belief in the thirty-nine articles; and it would be just as liberal to make subscription a condition of apprenticeship to that art as of studying science and the classics in our universities. There is no explaining away this matter. It matters not that other universities may be established on a more liberal principle for the use of Dissenters. It matters not what apprehensions any son of the church may have of the effect of mixing heretics with true believers in the train of philosophy and science. It is no matter who founded these universities, and who are willing or unwilling that this restriction should be maintained. Our complaint is against the church which has imposed bonds on conscience and set up differences between man and man, which the gospel does

not sanction, and to which there was nothing analogous in the dealings of the primitive Christians with Jews and Pagans, and other adversaries, by whom the gospel has long ceased to be opposed. Dr. Whately tells us of an atheist who was deprived of justice because he was too conscientious to take an oath which he did not regard as binding. The case before us is as full of injustice as his. He could not take the oath because that which sanctifies it was absent; and the consequent denial of justice is a proof of the evil of connecting things which do not belong to each other,—viz. a belief in God and an enjoyment of the rights of man. Dissenters cannot subscribe faithfully, because that which makes good the subscription is wanting in them; and then they feel the hardship of a similar arbitrary connexion between a belief in certain doctrines, and their share of the advantages of learning. Let all prescriptions of faith be done away, and there will be an end of such arbitrary connexion for ever; and the evil disposition which our author discerns springing up in the heart of man will be deprived of the outlet through which it has poured its most baleful and devastating force.

As to the concluding chapter of the work before us, it is very clear that the best way of obviating the danger of 'Trust in Names and Privileges,' is to have but one name and no privileges. Science is only partially revealed, and under conditions which are at present necessarily confined to a certain proportion of society. Let the followers of science, then, have their ranks and orders and privileges, if the value of the object and the facilities of attaining it become enhanced thereby. The arts are so far from being in a state of maturity, that it may be well to aid the division of labour and stimulate individual exertion by arbitrary rules of incorporation and precedence. The same may be said of literature, but never, never, of Christianity, in its relation to the heart of man. Let biblical science, the art of preaching, theological literature, be placed under the same rule as other science, art, and literature, if you will; but these things are not Christianity. Christianity is a concern of the spirit, and the things of the spirit cannot be measured and proportioned, and rewarded by man like the embodied attainments of the intellect. It is for God alone to institute this charter, for Christ to offer it, for man to accept and enjoy it. Man has nothing to do with the administration of it, or with any body's share in it but his own, except so far as to rejoice in the universality of so rich a blessing. Those who are wise do well to explain what they think the terms of this charter, and to point out the wisdom and benignity of its frame and provisions, and to influence as far as they may to a fulfilment of its conditions; but all this entitles them to no rank where no distinctions of rank can enter,—to no privilege where equality is the prime attribute of the constitution. Their reward is of a totally different and far higher kind. It is between God and themselves; and though it may

bring after it, in the way of natural consequence, the benefits resulting from the esteem and love of men, such results are totally unconnected with the name of an exclusive, and the privileges of an incorporated class of society. Paul gloried in a name above the rulers who persecuted him, because in that name resided benefits which they knew not of. He gloried in his privileges, because they transcended any that could be obtained out of a spiritual region; but that region being once entered, that name once adopted, all distinctions cease, and the prelate who stands up in his stall is of precisely the same rank as the beggar who kneels in the aisle. There is no occasion to remind Dr. Whately of this; for no bearing can be more free from assumption than his, if we may judge from the spirit of his book; but we would ask him respecting the righteousness of establishments which directly tend to foster the error he so well understands, and to destroy in those less clear-sighted than himself the impression which it is of surpassing importance to deepen and strengthen,—that the origin of Christianity is spiritual, that its aim is to spiritualize, that spirituality is its essence. If the people see men legislating, growing learned, getting rich, mounting from one dignity to another, by virtue of their Christianity, there is small use in *telling* them that Christianity is independent of all these things. It is far more easy, far more rational, far more honest to *show* them that it is so. As long as there must be privileges, and honours, and wealth, let them be conferred in reward of qualifications to which they are more appropriate; and then such men as Whately will be spared the vain and ridiculous labour of guarding individuals against errors which are hourly cherished in millions by the influence of institutions. This is like damming up a tributary brook, while the main stream rushes on with a perpetually swelling tide—Dr. Whately cannot be spared for so idle a work. He has done much in searching out the source, and ascertaining that it is too ample to be dried up at present. His next labour should be to divert its course from the fair fields of promise which lie beneath its devastation.

It is a glorious office to teach Christianity at all; but the work is not invested with its full glory till that which is spiritual is wholly severed from its arbitrary connexion with the temporal adjuncts with which man is prone to combine it, through a clear perception of the reasons for such a disunion. Precedence settled by this rule is somewhat different from that which the heraldic science of modern Christendom has decreed. By this rule, the cotter, leading the Saturday night's devotions of his family, is greater in his office than the archbishop preaching amidst the state of his thronged cathedral; and the enlightened dissenting minister is more exalted than either. He has gratefully learned—it may be from the archbishop—the origin of the evils with which he would wage war, while he adopts whatever

there is of rectitude in the practice of the cotter, with a clearer perception than his that it is rectitude. He has the privilege, with the prelate, of looking back into the records of all religions, and tracing the common source of all their abuses, while he is as free as his humble coadjutor from the entanglements of institutions which perpetually reproduce the evils he labours to destroy. In entering upon the high office of Christian instruction, the first prayer should be for spiritual requisites; the next, for accomplishment in the lore of the gospel and of the human heart; and the third, for deliverance from factitious difficulties and self-created impediments. When these prayers are put up universally, with due sincerity of soul and energy of purpose, we shall hear no more of the Church of Rome, or the Church of England, with their distinctive errors and assumptions. Their peculiar claims, at any rate, and, we trust, their common vices, will merge in the prevalence of the church of Christ.

THE RECENT POLITICAL CRISIS.

SINCE our last publication, the country has passed through a political crisis which has, perhaps, never been exceeded in importance. Not only has the existence of Lord Grey's administration, and the success of the Reform Bill, been at stake, but, with them, the whole course of our policy, both foreign and domestic; and men's minds have been familiarized with the ideas of military government, of organized resistance, of commercial embarrassment, and of civil war, as of things of which a few days might realize the commencement. It seemed as if the bonds of society were about to be loosened, and its foundations broken up. We look back as on a wild and fearful dream, and scarcely yet breathe freely. Nor are we quite sure that it has quite passed. The billows are yet rolling, huge and heavy, after the storm; they have not been hushed, as if by miracle, into an instantaneous and perfect calm; and though we hope they will subside, and the world be 'once more set smooth revolving,' we cannot hide from ourselves the possibility that another tempest may be brooding. So many conflicting elements and influences are mingling, that the state seems liable to the casualties of individual life; and the most farsighted fail to tell what the morrow shall bring forth.

Enough, however, has passed to furnish ample materials for meditation and instruction. One page, at least, of the providential lesson is complete, and we shall do well to study it, though but a brief interval of quiet should be allowed us for that purpose. There may be need of the application by the time that we have learned the lesson. It is a momentous one; every divine and moralist; every philosopher and statesman; every patriot, philanthropist, and citizen; all patricians and all plebeians,—should

be invited to its contemplation. Each and all may rise therefrom wiser and better.

There is no occasion to attempt a connected narrative. Those who have been so inattentive as to need a history of the events which agitated the nation from the 7th to the 19th of last month will scarcely profit by our commentary. There can be very few such amongst our readers. The defeat of ministers in the House of Peers, on Lord Lyndhurst's motion for postponing the consideration of the first clause of the Reform Bill; the refusal of the King to create peers; the resignation of ministers; the reiterated attempts of the Duke of Wellington to form an administration; the public meetings which were immediately held throughout the country; the manly stand made by the majority of the House of Commons; the rush of reinforcements, by thousands daily, to join the multitudes who had previously formed themselves into Political Unions; the language held, both in these meetings and by the press, altogether unexampled for its plainness and its boldness; the commencing symptoms of a commercial panic; of a run on the Bank; of the non-payment, in money, of direct taxes, and of ulterior measures of a stronger description, which not merely a few desperate men, but a large portion of the intelligent, respectable, and influential, had begun to contemplate; the suspension of hostile feeling, in consequence of the royal message to Earl Grey, on the 15th; the revival of that feeling, with aggravated bitterness, on finding that it had been attempted to recall ministers to power fettered with conditions fatal to the Bill, and therefore treasonable to the people; and the burst of delight which hailed the announcement that the court had surrendered at discretion to the Whigs, and secured to them ample powers to pass the Bill and carry on the government:—these are events of which contemporaries can require no record, no recapitulation; the bare enumeration of them is enough, and will serve as a sufficient basis, with such amplification of them as each reader's recollection will readily supply, for the remarks to which we would now request attention.

A new power has been developed in the people, the extent of which it is impossible to calculate; but which is evidently of the most formidable description. This power is the effect of public opinion on the monetary system of the country, which may be carried to such a degree as to paralyze government, loosen the bonds of society, and necessitate a new order of things. No law is broken, no violence is committed, but all the operations both of government and commerce are brought to a stand. Had the Wellington administration been formed, much of that portion of the public revenue which consists in direct taxation, would have only consisted of goods, which there would have been a general combination of the people not to buy, and even of the brokers not to sell. Nor would this

operation have been confined to direct government taxes. The tithes, of course, would have been in the same predicament; so would the parochial rates; so, to a considerable extent for the time, would it have been even with private debts. The customs and excise must have fallen off, instantly and largely. Their proceeds would have been reduced to a minimum, by every possible contrivance, and their claims would soon have been disregarded. There would have been a general withdrawal of deposits and balances from bankers' hands, and the cry which had been raised, 'To stop the Duke, go for gold,' would have echoed from one end of the country to the other,—a more potential battle-cry than was ever shouted by feudal chieftain. The financial Atlas, who bore up the funds for two days, must have found the world upon his shoulders heavy enough to crush him in less than two weeks. In such a state of things, workmen must have been discharged, and markets would not have been supplied. Every district would have been thrown upon its own resources; the only authorities in the country would have been those to whom the people yielded a voluntary obedience, and out of these must have sprung the power which should create, or indicate, the future government of the country. There is, comparatively, little in this process on which military force could, in any way, be brought to bear; it could not have been arrested by an army of ten times the amount of that at present in the country; they might have held a few towns in military occupation, and they might have levied plunder and forced contributions; but this mode of ruling Great Britain could not have lasted long. As it was, the military were of little account in the calculation. The power which has been described would have been beyond the sphere of their opposition, until it was above the reach of their control. It is impalpable and impassable. It cannot be arrested by the constable, nor pierced by the bayonet, nor demolished by whole parcs of artillery. The Great Captain might as well make war upon the electric fluid. It would elude as easily, and yet diffuse itself as rapidly, shock as violently, and destroy as surely. In its commencement strictly legal, quiet, and, as far as submission can be enforced, obedient, it would soon have displaced all authority, but that of its own choice, and all law but what received its own sanction. This is the power which in Ireland has abolished tithes. It would have been tried in France, two years ago, but for the precipitation which brought the question between Charles X. and the people to a speedier issue in the streets of Paris. Some illustrative experiments, on a small scale indeed, but successfully, have been made in one or two of the north-western parishes of the metropolis, to rid themselves of the minor nuisance of a select vestry. The public mind has thus been familiarized with it, and familiarity is much to an Englishman. Its nature, extent, and force, have been frequently adverted to,

commonly discussed, and are generally understood. The great capitalists of the city, and those who like little satellites swim in their orbits and shine with their lustre, affected to smile at the idea; but the smile was only affected. There were those whom the symptoms filled with dismay. The collection of taxes was suspended to a considerable extent, more in many large towns in the country than in London: in two days the incipient demand for gold at the Bank withdrew from one to two millions of sovereigns; but this was nothing to what the next few days would have done, when applications must have come pouring in from the country, with a rapidity and to an extent heretofore unparalleled. The short-sighted long-headedness of George Rose, who thought to bind the lower classes to the existing order of things, by providing for the investment of the Savings Banks deposits in public securities, (and those deposits now amount to sixteen millions,) gave those classes a direct power in this novel species of conflict, of which they were about generally to avail themselves. In short, we were on the brink of a revolution; of revolution not accomplished by physical force, but by public opinion, acting on the facilities afforded for its efficient, its irresistible expression, in a great commercial country. The demonstration of this power was checked at the very outset by the revival of the nation's hopes. They will never forget that it exists; and that, when they are generally agreed, it is in their possession.

The House of Commons, in this emergency, did all that could be required of it, or effected by it. The majority were faithful to the pledges under which they were chosen. Their prompt address to the king, no doubt, presented a formidable obstacle to the projected administration. But the great battle could not have been fought by them. Had the ministerial arrangements proceeded, they would have been either corrupted, intimidated, or dissolved. A dissolution was indeed the universal expectation. In that case the people would have been left for months without representatives. Their petitions for the stoppage of supplies, or the appointment of parliamentary commissioners, would have been scattered to the winds. There would have been no interposing body between them and absolute rule. They depended, therefore, not on their representatives, however firm, but on themselves.

Another effect of that eventful fortnight is to raise our admiration of the national character. The people felt that they could afford to be calm, in the consciousness of their strength. The old, brutal Church and King populace seems to be extinct. In all our large towns there are doubtless thieves and wretches in abundance, ever ready for plunder and mischief. But generally, and especially in the metropolis, during the period on which we are commenting, they found no opportunity for transgressing beyond their usual bounds. Everything seemed quiet and peace-

ful, till you looked in people's faces, and heard their voices. And then it was not violence that you perceived, but high excitement and deliberate resolve. There was no need, as so often, on former occasions, to fence and guard the avenues to the Houses of Lords and Commons. There was no throwing of stones, nor breaking of windows. Thirty years ago, we remember the presence of John Thelwall in Norwich, as a lecturer on Roman History, furnishing excuse to a Tory mob for a far greater amount of outrage than has been occasioned in London by all the agitations and disappointments connected with the Reform Bill, from its introduction into the legislature fifteen months ago. We doubt whether at any of the recent meetings, at some or other of which a very large majority of the inhabitants of the metropolis have probably been present, any exhortation to outrage would not have put the orator himself in more personal peril than any body else. He would infallibly have been set down for a spy. This is a fact worth remarking. The more so as it is coupled with another as unprecedented, we mean the strong language held at many of these meetings as to existing institutions, arrangements, and offices, even the oldest and the highest. Some of the journals have attempted to manufacture, with the aid of misrepresentation, out of language of this description, grave accusations against individuals and bodies, which can only be grave to those who are not aware of the absurdity of the perversion. But it is not worth while to embalm the lies of the day, even for contradiction. No art can falsify the broad fact of the admirable behaviour of the people; nor should it be unremembered that the great merit of this conduct belongs to the poorer, the less educated, the working classes. And the merit is the greater, inasmuch as they will gain little or nothing from the Bill, as to the direct and immediate bestowment of the suffrage. They are not to be raised by it into the dignity of citizenship; and it is not yet conceded that they ever shall. They have the virtue to co-operate for the extension of the rights of the middle classes, and the erection, by their means, of a better constituency, though on themselves is to remain the ban and the brand of exclusion. Their day will come, and they deserve it. Their peaceful and yet determined demeanour throughout this season of storm and peril shows a degree of intelligence which is surely adequate to the task of choosing a trustworthy representative in the House of Commons.

On some occasions, the feelings of assembled multitudes, so far from degenerating towards brute violence, ascended into something of a solemn, and even of a religious character. We have inserted a Reform Song, which might rather be called a hymn, written, we believe, for a local Union by a well-known correspondent of ours, which well harmonizes with the spirit of many of the meetings that have taken place, and which, if produced at an earlier period, would probably have come into general use.

The 'Gathering of the Unions,' the worthy welcome of more than a hundred thousand men to their banded brethren as they arrived on the plain, in the great Birmingham meetings, is as poetical in its construction as elevated in its spirit, and breathes the feelings of those who are leagued in what may truly be called a holy cause.

'Lo! we answer! see, we come!
Quick at Freedom's holy call,
We come! we come! we come! we come!
To do the glorious work of all;
And hark! we raise from sea to sea,
The sacred watchword, Liberty!

'God is our guide! from field, from wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom,
We come, our country's rights to save,
! And speak a tyrant faction's doom:
And hark! we raise from sea to sea,
The sacred watchword, Liberty!

'God is our guide! no swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle fires;
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires,
We raise the watchword Liberty—
We will, we will, we will be free.'

The heart of our excellent friend, Hugh Hutton, of the Old Meeting, Birmingham, must have swelled in his bosom, when, on behalf of the mighty myriads around him, he blessed the God of heaven for averting from our land the confusion which had been impending. How like the roll of the billows of a wide sea on a long and echoing coast, or the multitudinous choruses which were heard by the exile of Patmos, during the visions of the Apocalypse, must have been the deep murmured response of that immense assemblage!

How long will it be before we may speak of the nation, the people, the many, without there being any antithetical term to words which ought to be all-comprehensive? Better were it for the few if the many were all. But this is the very question now at issue; or rather, the ultimate principle which has raised that question; and which is, indeed, none other than the Christian doctrine of universal brotherhood. Reform is one phasis of the universal struggle between appropriation and community, domination and freedom, class privilege and public right, the gratification of individuals, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number. There can be no doubt generally as to the mode in which it is the tendency of events and the plan of Providence ultimately to decide.

But with the intelligence of the community clearly against them,

on the question of true or false in theory,—and with the feeling of the great mass of the community strongly against them, on the question of good or bad, beneficial or intolerable, in practice,—the aristocracy had a very plain path to pursue, that of securing to themselves gratitude, and honourable influence by a graceful and timely concession to the public wish. They have unhappily taken a different course: many of them have assumed a tone of defiance and scorn which could not but provoke retort, others have irritated by an obstinate, quibbling, inconsistent, and vexatious opposition to what might be delayed but could not be defeated; all the mean arts of intrigue and treachery have been unblushingly practised by members of that class which arrogates the pre-eminent possession of personal honour and dignity. The aristocracy will never again occupy an influential place in the estimation of the country. It had its three warnings, they were disregarded, and nothing remains but paralysis and death. The immediate fall of the Duke of Wellington on his declaration of hostility to reform, in November 1830, was the first warning. The victory of popular enthusiasm over every kind of corruption, influence and intimidation, in the elections last summer, was the second: and the third followed in the ignominy into which the Bishops plunged themselves, their order, and their church, by their votes in that memorable division in which they turned the majority against the bill. There was enough to make the Peerage pause, and not madly cast itself and drag the very throne along with it, into the abyss of popular odium and execration. It seems most probable that the refusal of the King to create peers was only weakness, acted upon by hostile influences; but, for the time, the people believed it to have been treachery, and his unprecedented popularity was in an instant annihilated. The impression can never be obliterated. The tremendous perils to which the country was exposed, and the actual evils which were produced, by the defeat of ministers in the Lords, and their virtual dismissal by the King, can never be forgotten. Who could avoid asking whether there ought anywhere to exist such a power for mischief? Hereditary legislation and hereditary sovereignty became exposed to ‘obstinate questionings,’ which are still working, and long will work, in men’s minds. The people doubt, and they will be resolved. Excitement will cool, and irritation pass away, and insults be forgotten, but inquiries have been started which will only conclude in full investigation, and decision. A headstrong faction has provoked the analysis of prescription, and the bringing of monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and republicanism, to the only test which a people accustomed to thought and discussion can permanently acknowledge, the Test of Utility.

During these eventful days, the Political Unions, both in London and the country, were joined by vast numbers of persons, of

all ranks and classes in society ; many of whom had before been doubtful as to the expediency of such associations. Their importance was now manifest. They served as rallying points, around which gathered almost all who were not content passively to await the result, whatever that result might be. Many whose station (as Members of Parliament for instance), or whose general notions and habits (as the Quakers *) had made them hitherto keep aloof, now felt that the threatened safety of the country was paramount to all such considerations : at the office of one Union alone, the enrolment went on, for ten days, at the rate of 1500 a-day. Slight as is the degree of organization which the laws allow to political associations, it is still so much better than individual action, or evanescent meetings, that multitudes hastened to avail themselves of it. They looked to the Unions as the hope and stay of the country in the coming confusion, which we believe they were mainly instrumental in averting. The promptness with

* We make the following extracts from a printed defence put forth by two highly respectable members of the Society of Friends against some aspersions which had been cast on those of their body who joined the Birmingham Political Union.

'We should be extremely sorry were it to go forth to the world, that there existed anything either in the principles, or the practice of the Society of Friends, which forbids its members from joining their fellow countrymen in a peaceable co-operation for the recovery of their political rights ; and that, at the present crisis, it should be thought that they did not, as a body, deeply sympathize with the almost unanimous desire of the nation for Parliamentary Reform, on which so many of the dearest interests of humanity depend ; or were unwilling, as far as is consistent with the peaceable principles of the Gospel, to share in the difficulties and dangers attendant on the effort for obtaining it.

'We consider it a libel on the Society to impute to it principles, which forbid its Members, at a crisis like the present, from associating with their fellow countrymen, in any manner not inconsistent with the doctrines of the Gospel, which they deem the most conducive to the public good. We do not pledge ourselves to defend all the past proceedings of the Political Union ; but we assert, without fear of contradiction, that the main object for which it was formed, and the sole object for which we have joined it, is one which nine-tenths of the Members of our Society cordially approve ; while, in its rules and regulations, we find nothing which a Christian can condemn.

'Can anything more effectually tend to secure peaceful obedience to the laws, at the present awful crisis, and during the still more fearful times which we have reason to dread, than the influence of an association, comprising the great bulk of the lower and a large portion of the middle classes, and binding its members to such a line of conduct as this ? We think not ; and we have therefore felt it a duty to give it our feeble support, by enrolling our names among its members ; and in doing so, we have acted in the manner most conducive, in our opinion, to the great end of averting the evils which threaten our beloved country.

'So far from repenting the act, we feel convinced, on the most mature reflection, and with a knowledge of what has since occurred, that it was not only right in itself, but that the great accession to the Union which took place, was peculiarly well timed. Far be it from us to condemn others who take different views, and have adopted another line of conduct ; we allow them the same freedom of judgment, which we claim for ourselves ; efforts of various kinds may all work in harmony to promote the same great object ; but we earnestly entreat all those persons, whether members of our own, or any other Society, who have hitherto been satisfied in doing nothing, to ask themselves the serious question, whether, at such a period, they fulfil the duties of a citizen, and a Christian, if they any longer withhold their public support from the cause of peace, order, and social improvement ?'

which they were assembled, the singleness of direction which their efforts took, leading the universal cry of the country for the restoration of Earl Grey, the plainness and decision with which they gave such expression as the law allows to the determination of commencing a passive resistance to any other administration, showed them the apt and ready organs of that resistless national power, which has been described at the commencement of this article. It is to be hoped that the nature and advantages of these societies may now become better understood. They have done much good, and they might have done much more, but for the uninquiring prejudice, which has, to so large an extent, deprived them of the co-operation of the middle classes. We could specify some signal instances of their beneficial influence on the spirit, opinions, and desires of those poorer classes who have constituted their chief numerical strength. We know that they have done much in abating the mutually hostile feelings which had sprung up between the middle and the lower classes of society. They have afforded facilities for 'the diffusion of sound moral and political information,' to an unexampled extent. They have done that practically, about which too many Christian congregations only theorize—they have brought together the high and the low, the rich and the poor, those who think and those who toil, with mutual confidence, to teach and to be taught, to inquire, discuss, resolve, and act, on the ground of common equality and fraternal union. It may yet appear that they have even a greater merit than that of strengthening the people to obtain the Reform Bill; the merit of preparing and qualifying the people to avail themselves of that bill when obtained, so as to derive from it those advantages of good government, without which it is only so much wasted parchment.

But the great inference of all, from these occurrences, is the immense importance, the absolute and urgent necessity of providing for universal public instruction. Not instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic merely, not that of Sunday Schools, and Mechanics' Institutes, but political instruction, that is to say, the principles of social morality. This is the instruction for which millions are craving, and to withhold or impede the supply is most perilous. Every topic on which we have hitherto dwelt, the magnitude of the power which the people have discovered that they possess, the quietness, promptness, and determination with which they were about to avail themselves of that power, the feelings which have been excited and the questions which have been raised, by the blind selfishness and pride of the aristocracy, and the habit which, in self-defence has been generated of political association,—all are so many cogent arguments for carrying the general information of the people to the highest attainable point. The wisest thing which can be done, is the instant repeal of the taxes on knowledge. The

schoolmaster must be abroad in the form of a newspaper. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has failed of its original object, by the exclusion of those topics about which people care the most. The large circulation of their publications may have equalled the expectation of its founders, but it is very much amongst a different description of persons from that which they had principally intended to benefit: it is amongst the middle classes, who have also in addition, a sight at least of the newspapers. The books and journals which shall enlighten the whole mass of the community must have an ample proportion of political discussion and information blended with the other knowledge which they communicate. The want exists so strongly and so largely, that provision, such as it is, is continually made for it, in open defiance of the law. This state of things is full of mischief; it can only be remedied by the repeal of the duties which render newspapers so expensive, and affording similar facilities to those which exist in America for the circulation of journals. So much knowledge has been gained, as to make the communication of as much more as can be imparted, a measure not only of kindness, but of prudence; not merely a good, but a necessity. We trust the present session of Parliament will not close without this supplement to the Reform Bill. The next step in the order of creation to the production of a world is to say 'let there be light,' without which, that world were but a shapeless mass of conflicting elements.

So much power has been discovered, that the knowledge for its guidance cannot be too rapidly or extensively generated. A fearful amount of distress and suffering must have ensued from the exercise of that power; it was a last resource, a desperate remedy; and the possibility of an appeal to it cannot be too carefully guarded against. It was only not worse than the reign of terror, which would have been the alternative. The efficient preventive can only be found in the recognition of the people's rights, the enlightenment of their minds, and the improvement of their condition. Every man who can in any degree promote these objects should put forth his strength to the work which God hath given him to do.

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS*.

AMERICA—the nursery of civil freedom; the growing and vigorous disproof of the theory of the necessity of leavening the reason and the demands of the present age, by an anomalous admixture with the opinions and institutions which were wisdom to our forefathers, but for the present state of society are worse than foolishness;—that gigantic territory which lay unknown for ages, ripening for the dominion of civilized man, and which less than three

* By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols.

centuries has sufficed to transform, from an unbroken forest, to the home of twelve millions of human beings, speaking the language of, and acknowledging their derivation from, an island, which, had we the desiderated lever of Archimedes, might be set down in one of its unoccupied prairie-meadows, without displacing a living thing—this country, as vast and as important in its moral as in its physical aspect, presents to every intelligent mind a subject of contemplation and curiosity which constantly demand materials and knowledge. As yet this demand has been but scantily answered. It has unfortunately chanced that, with few exceptions, the descriptions of the United States have been those of persons either of small intellect, and incapable, with their best efforts, of judging between that which is essential and that which is accidental, as instance Basil Hall; or, worse, those whose prejudices make their principles, and whose long-formed habits of subserviency make them fancy servility refinement, and its absence coarseness: and of this latter class is the author before us. We are always sorry to see any species of talent wasted; and it was with this feeling we laid down the two volumes of Mrs. Trollope. The descriptions are spirited, and the style so easy and pleasant, that she would seem to possess every mechanical facility for recording, amusingly, any and all the adventures which fate or her own good pleasure may induce her to try. But here ends all of praise which can be accorded to this book. It abounds in misrepresentations, which we cannot but think wilful, and the deductions from which are as spiteful as they are imbecile. To cover the rancour of her dislike to republicanism, the author makes a sort of confession that she had herself a leaning to what she wittily calls sedition, before she saw in America the lamentable effects of freedom and competence; which bad effect she makes to consist in certain coarsenesses of manner among the middle and lower classes, which, as they do not happen to be of precisely the same sort as those of the corresponding rank here, excite the good lady's spleen to the utmost; but which, after all, were the habits and manners of those good old times, of which Mrs. Trollope is, doubtless, an especial admirer. She admits that the best society in America equals, in refinement of manner, even that of the 'old countrie;' while in no class is to be found the empty-headedness, which forms the grand characteristic of our sleek-mannered aristocracy.

'The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable, that I was constantly endeavouring to account for it. It certainly does not proceed from want of intellect. I have listened to much dull and heavy conversation in America, but rarely to any that I could strictly call silly.' 'They appear to me to have clear heads and active intellects; are more ignorant on subjects that are only of conventional value than on such as are of intrinsic importance.'—(Vol. i., p. 63.)

This seems scarcely consistent with the continual reiteration of the utter nothingness of the women: 'in America, where women are guarded by a seven-fold shield of habitual insignificance,'—p. 96; an odd sort of shield that; again:—'It is obvious, that the ladies who are brought up amongst them cannot have leisure for any development of the mind: it is, in fact, out of the question; and, remembering this, it is more surprising that some among them should be very pleasing, than that none should be highly instructed.'—(p. 81.)

Presently, forgetting, we suppose, all she had said about the neglect of the women's minds, the good lady attempts to be very satirical on the extent of the education they receive.

'I attended the annual public exhibition at this school, and perceived, with some surprise, that the higher branches of science were among the studies of the pretty creatures I saw assembled there. One lovely girl of sixteen *took her degree* in mathematics, and another was examined in moral philosophy. They blushed so sweetly, and looked so beautifully puzzled and confounded, that it might have been difficult for an abler judge than I was to decide how far they merited the diploma they received. This method of letting young ladies graduate, and granting them diplomas on quitting the establishment, was quite new to me.'—(p. 114.)

Here the ridicule is intended to fall on the words,—'pretty creatures, lovely girl,' &c.: if there is no absurdity in the fact stated, we cannot perceive that it makes any difference whether the pupils were pretty creatures or ugly creatures, boys or girls; but it was an opportunity of blame, and that is Mrs. Trollope's object; in fact, towards the end of her book she distinctly declares her dislike to every thing American.

'I do not like them, I do not like their principles, I do not like their manners, I do not like their opinions; both as a woman, and as a stranger, it might be unseemly for me to say that I do not like their government, and therefore I will not say so.'

This is about as logical as the old rhyme,—

'I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
Only this I know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell!'

Only that 'the reason why,' we doubt not our author *could* tell, if she would.

'The immense superiority of the American to the British navy was a constant theme, and to this I always listened, as nearly as possible, in silence. But the favourite, the constant, the universal sneer that met me every where, was on our old-fashioned attachments to things obsolete. It is amusing to observe how soothing the idea seems, that they are more modern, more advanced, than England. Our classic literature, our princely dignities, our noble

institutions, are all gone-by relics of the dark ages. This, and the vastness of their naked territory, make up the flattering unction which is laid upon the soul, as an antidote to the little misgivings which from time to time arise, lest their large country be not of quite so much importance among the nations, as a certain paltry, old-fashioned little place that they wot of.'—(p. 225.)

'I took some pains to ascertain what they meant by their glorious institutions; and it is with no affectation of ignorance that I profess I never could comprehend the meaning of the phrase, which is, however, on the lip of every American, when he talks of his country.'—(p. 227.)

'Their unequalled freedom, I think, I understand better. Their code of common law is built upon ours; and the difference between us is this,—in England the laws are acted upon, in America they are not.'—(p. 228.)

In discussing questions relating to their government, and its effects on the social and moral condition of the people, Mrs. Trollope resorts to the old expedient of taking benefit of sanctuary, and deprecating criticism, on the plea of sex; now, if she understand the subjects upon which she attempts to write, there surely needs no apology for stating her opinion; if she were conscious that she did not understand them, it would have been wise to have left them untouched. The old custom of making gentle critiques for gentle authors is, we hope, falling fast into disuse; and women, as well as men, must be content that their works, and not themselves, form the subject of judgment. Let both one and the other write only of what they feel and understand; the time is passed for the toleration of crudeness and vapidty under shelter of either sex or rank.

Here is one of those sweeping decisions in which our author loves to indulge; its severity somewhat mitigated by the saving clause of which we have spoken:—

'All the freedom enjoyed in America, beyond what is enjoyed in England, is enjoyed solely by the disorderly, at the expense of the orderly; and were I a stout knight, either of the sword or of the pen, I would fearlessly throw down my gauntlet, and challenge the whole Republic to prove the contrary; but being, as I am, a feeble looker on, with a needle for my spear, and "I talk," for my device, I must be contented with the power of stating the fact, perfectly certain that I shall be contradicted by one loud shout from Maine to Georgia.' (p. 148.)

As an amusing instance of the determination to find fault, of pretended humility, and of inconsequent conclusion, take the following remarks:

'If I mistake not, every debate I listened to in the American Congress was upon one and the same subject; namely, the entire independence of each individual state, with regard to the federal

government. The jealousy on this point appeared to me to be the strongest political feeling that ever got possession of the mind of man. I do not pretend to judge the merits of the question. I speak solely of the very singular effect of seeing man after man start eagerly to his feet, to declare that the greatest injury, the basest injustice, the most obnoxious tyranny, that could be practised against the state of which he was a member, would be a vote of a few millions of dollars, for the purpose of making their roads or canals, or for drainage, or, in short, for any purpose of improvement whatsoever.

'One great boast of the country is, that they have no national debt, or that they shall have none in two years. This seems not very wonderful, considering their productive tariff, and that the income paid to their president is 6000*l.* per annum, other salaries being in proportion, and internal improvements, at the expense of the government treasury, being voted unconstitutional.' (p. 21.)

'This seems not very wonderful, considering'—but the wonder consists in the consideration that this immense country is governed, to the entire satisfaction of all its inhabitants, at a cost of a trifling part of the sum paid for the misgovernment of the 'old fashioned little place.' But the lady thinks an enormous taxation an advantage, which, to be duly appreciated, needs but to be lost.

'The low rate of taxation, too, unquestionably permits a more rapid accumulation of individual wealth than with us; but till I had travelled through America, I had no idea how much of the money collected in taxes returns among the people, not only in the purchase of what their industry furnishes, but in the actual enjoyment of what is furnished. Were I an English legislator, instead of sending seditious to the Tower, I would send her to make a tour of the United States.'

Our author, after making a comparison between London or Paris, and the larger cities of the Union, of course greatly to the disadvantage of the latter, makes this very candid acknowledgment: 'Now God forbid that any reasonable American (of whom there are so many millions) should ever come to ask me what I mean; I should find it very difficult, nay, perhaps, utterly impossible to explain myself.'

Mrs. Trollope pays her tribute of high admiration to the talents of that star of the west, Dr. Channing.

'As a preacher he has, perhaps, hardly a rival anywhere. This gentleman is an Unitarian, and I was informed by several persons well acquainted with the literary characters of the country, that nearly all their distinguished men were of this persuasion.' (p. 156.)

She is, and most justly, disgusted with their cant about religious matters, with the hypocrisy of the teachers, and the imbecile credulity of the taught. But before we can allow this to be a national trait of the Americans only, we must find our own sectarians wonderfully altered.

It has been said, that absence strengthens strong feelings, and weakens weak ones : travel has an analogous effect in increasing prejudice, where it already exists, or in enlarging the knowledge of those who are capable of loving truth for itself : in this class, we fear, the author of these volumes cannot yet be placed. She can see but one side of a question ; and that, unfortunately, is not the fairest or the happiest side. The world might be divided into those whose eye rests first on the good and the beautiful in every object, moral or physical, which can be presented to it ; and with whom to see evil, is to bend their minds to its removal : or, the larger number, those who would hide, rather than eradicate abuse ; with whom ignorance is, if not bliss, at least content, and whose capacity of admiring stands always on the defensive, while their critical faculties are more readily roused to irritation, than their admiring ones to imitation of any good, national or individual, which they do not themselves possess. But these also, like every thing else, may do good in their generation. And so we hope Mrs. Trollope's lucubrations may become useful, by calling attention to subjects which cannot be too much canvassed, though we cannot but express a wish that her next performance may be on a subject, which, not calling for the expression of her political antipathies, may allow us unreservedly to admire her power of facile and graceful composition.

ARCHDEACON GLOVER AND THE BOTTLE IMP.

(From a Correspondent.)

IN the *Record Newspaper* of April 26th, there is reference made to a placard which runs thus :—‘ Theatre, North Walsham. By desire of Archdeacon and Mrs. Glover, on Tuesday, 10th of April, 1832, the grand romantic melo-drama, called *The Bottle Imp*, &c. &c.’ And this said placard has called forth sundry violent animadversions on the conduct of the worthy archdeacon, which are unjust to himself and injurious in their consequences. We should have passed them by unnoticed, did there not appear in the same paper, a letter on ‘*Theatrical Profanations*,’ which, however we may differ in opinion with the writer, is evidently the result of an earnest truthful spirit, anxious to make itself known for the good of society. We do not intend to enter the lists with the editor ;—with the mere railer we have nothing to do. A well intentioned arguer, whose wish is to do all in the spirit of charity, has as little chance with such, as a practised fencer with an intemperate novice. While the one pays due deference to the rules of his art, the other rushes madly on, without any temper, save what is in his weapon, or any courtesy, when that has failed him. The writer of the letter above alluded to, shows, out of an honest zeal, his indignation at what he considers ‘ a component part of

our national guilt,' though we question its being 'a zeal according to knowledge.' Without entering deeply into the matter of the suitability of dramatic representation to the moral wants of the community, he comments on the impropriety of the subjects introduced, and selects the opera of 'Robert le Diable,' as the most flagrant instance;—the plot (of which we were before ignorant) is described as producing a sensation of horror at its 'disgusting profanation of spiritual and eternal things,' the strongest given proof of which is, in the fact of the heroine taking refuge at the foot of a cross, when pursued by a fiend. The efficacy of the sanctuary, it is said, proclaims its reference. Strange does it seem, that this should provoke the indignation of any one calling himself a Christian!—to us it is a beautiful allegory, proving that the cross is all powerful in protecting the innocent against the evil, that to those who seek it in the hour of peril, it is an 'ever present help.' If it be asked whether we believe that one half the people who have witnessed the scene of which we speak, would view it in the same light with ourselves—our answer would be,—we fear not—but *there* was the good for their own minds to achieve, had they been properly constituted, and what possible evil could lurk in this, or indeed any other instance given, we are at a loss to discover. The faults in the minds of an audience should not be laid to the charge of such a caterer to moral improvement, as we sincerely believe the drama to be. Not the most pious minister of Christ would be safe, were this rule of judgment universally followed. Ridicule too often enters our places of worship, and not the holiest of holies is secure against the workings of an evil mind. How many a sentence has been written, how many a speech uttered, that the low imagination of its reader or hearer has turned to grossness and impiety! And thus it is with the drama—instead of taking the whole bearing of a play, sentences are twisted from their places, parts taken instead of a whole, and the consequences are mistake and misrepresentation. Our dramatic reading has been extensive, and we know many works of that description, which show the good talent of the author; either in praising virtue, satirizing folly, condemning hypocrisy, or whatever other vice he might select for his arrows to shoot at. There are many evils resulting from the outcry that is kept up against dramatic representation. One of the chief is, the misdirection and waste of power (power given to be employed, or it would not have been given at all) which it encourages. How many gifted with fine personal and mental qualities, and, added to them, that high moral feeling, which is essential to the perfection of the art—how often do we see such, if poor, struggling in some inferior and more laborious occupation—if rich, devoting their genius to the few who could better spare it, instead of dedicating it to the greater enjoyment of the many! How often do we see persons possessed with talents

which they dare not use, who adopt pursuits thoroughly unfitted for them; who with a well meant but mistaken notion of duty, live a life of continual sacrifice! In the church, in the law, in many other vocations, we see those, whose struggling existence is the effect of all this—who should have been actors, artists, or musicians; when they would, in pursuing their own pleasure, have been increasing the pleasure and improvement of others, in a far higher degree, than a forced acquiescence in duty could ever produce. And why is all this? because of the world! what world? Not the beautiful, bounteous world, which the beneficent Creator has given freely to all so richly to enjoy—not the world of feeling from which man's heart, like an urn, is filled over and over again, till the precious vessel be broken by his own rough usage, or the carelessness of another—not the world of true charity, which 'thinketh no evil,' but would fain seek the 'good' which is to be found 'in everything.' No!—it is the timid, the cold, the evil-speaking world, which too often checks, chills, and withers the fairest flowers of our life, and changes the moral garden of man's mind into a barren waste! Let us not be supposed to impute unchristian motives to all who, like the writer of the letter in 'The Record,' utter strongly their disapprobation of the cause for which we are so earnest. We know and honour many who differ from us, and will go with them in deprecating the shameful abuses that do exist in our theatres—but no further. We will not impute evil when no evil exists,—we will not argue that, because some things are bad, all is bad,—and that when things are imperfect, there can be no progression. That the stage has improved, all will allow, and that it is capable of such improvement is a great argument in its favour. And how much more might be achieved were all parties to unite in promoting the fulfilment of its utmost capability, and raising it to the glorious height it might attain! Were dramatic authors, instead of catering to the taste of the public, which they should warily lead, not servilely follow, to bring their noblest powers to the task, thinking more of the deathless fame of the poet, than the present fulness of the purse—were actors to prune themselves to their highest strength, loving the art for the sake of its power for good, more than for the short-lived applause which it gains for them—were the audience to endeavour, by individual control, to purify the theatre from those abuses which too often exist within its walls—then would the drama become what it ought and will become, one of the highest means for promoting the virtue and happiness of mankind. Then would the weapon be dropped from the hand of the enemy. But now the continual war that is waged against it, prevents its being filled with that virtue and talent, which would benefit, by its example, the hearts and minds of all who looked upon it. How is the stage to become pure while the outcry is kept up? The moment an actress treads the boards

there is the serpent's tooth of scandal at her heel, and it requires all the energy of a Siddons, or the courage of her high-souled and talented niece, to 'crush the reptile ere it deeply wound.' Let but the stinging tongue choose a fitter subject for its venom, and we should see many who, with hearts glowing with the wish to increase the happiness of others, and feeling a power within, which they have not courage to use, would come forward, freed from the goading restraint that the world's opinion is to them, and dedicating their talents, their virtues, to the improvement of their species, find one reward in the applause of a grateful public, and another, and far dearer, in the quiet of their own approving conscience.

And now to return to our worthy archdeacon—may he continue to patronize an art, which we think one of the highest means for purifying our nature; may he live to desire many another performance at the theatre, North Walsham; 'the Bottle Imp' again, if he chooses, seeing that its tendency throughout is to prove the consequent attendance of suffering on guilt, and that it carries with it a conviction that your 'sin will be sure to find you out.' May his example be followed by many others of equally high standing, so that it shall cease to be a wonder and a scandal even to the editor of the 'Record,' that such places are attended by such persons; and may all who have the interest of the drama at heart unite to render it, by their example, their activity, and their continued pursuit in promoting its best interests, the means of increasing that virtue and happiness which is the aim and end of our being!

PETITION FOR POLAND.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Repository.)

Bristol, 23rd May, 1832.

SIR,—We have recently had among us the venerable Polish senator, Niemcewicz, the President of the Royal Society of Poland, designated in the last *Edinburgh Review* as the 'fellow-prisoner and worthy companion of Kosciuszko,' and one of that provisional government 'by whose prudence it was hoped that external warfare and internal strife might be avoided.' He embarked here for America, in the year 1797, with the Polish patriot; and his visit here has awakened a train of deeply interesting recollections in the hearts of the older friends of liberty among us.

Your readers cannot have forgotten the eloquent discussion of the affairs of Poland in the House of Commons, on the 18th of April, introduced by Mr. Fergusson; and though the report of it, as given in the daily journals, is meagre, enough was conveyed to excite the attention, and to cherish that deep feeling of commiseration, which must always attend the thought of Poland. In the 'Mirror of Parliament' there is an exceedingly valuable report

of that discussion, to which I may the more satisfactorily refer your readers, as it has been printed separately, for extensive circulation; so that a dozen copies may be had, through the ordinary channels, for a shilling. The perusal of that report will give a complete view of the present state of the affairs of Poland.

Arrangements were made here for a meeting, open for all disposed to attend, in order to determine on a petition to the King, and to take suitable measures for carrying it into effect; when the temporary success of Lord Lyndhurst's never-to-be-forgotten motion called for all the thought and effort of the people of England to their own circumstances. The short and (I trust) decisive struggle being so far over, that we can think again of our neighbours, to whose hopes the removal of Lord Grey's administration would have been a death-blow; and Mr. Ferguson's motion coming on in the House of Commons on Tuesday, the 5th of June, it is very desirable that petitions should be sent to the House of Commons, in behalf of the Poles, before that day, if possible. Perhaps this communication may be too late to aid in that object; but if it should not, and a few active, intelligent men among your readers, in different places, will prepare such a one, and get it respectably signed, it will, I think, be really useful. At any rate, the plan of petitioning the King may be of essential service; and, partly to facilitate the accomplishment of the object, and partly to state the views which, to those who have considered the matter here, appear such as may well serve for the basis of petitions, I herewith send you a draft of a petition, which will be speedily submitted to the friends of liberty in Bristol.

L. CARPENTER.

PROPOSED PETITION TO THE KING IN BEHALF OF POLAND.

SIRE,

Rejoicing in the possession of many national blessings, under a Sovereign who has the welfare of his people at heart, as the object of his high trust, we address your Majesty with sentiments of profound sorrow, mixed with indignant emotion, at the fate of a brave and noble nation, which, during the last sixty years, has been, at different periods, the victim of ambitious aggression; and which, having been roused to resistance by injustice and oppression, has been—we hope for the present only—blotted out from the states of Europe, by a recent decree of the Emperor of Russia, in contravention of the Treaty of Vienna, to the observance and support of which the honour and good faith of the European powers stand pledged, and of none more solemnly than Great Britain.

We are persuaded, Sire, that your Majesty, and the members of your Majesty's Government, must have viewed with astonishment, and with extreme dissatisfaction, the course which has been pursued by the Emperor of Russia, if, as appears clear to your petitioners, he has thereby violated, not only that treaty which gives your Majesty, as well as the other contracting powers, a *right* to interpose in behalf of

Poland, but also those engagements which the Emperor Alexander had voluntarily made, and those professions by which the Emperor Nicholas himself, before his final triumph over the unhappy Poles, gave to surrounding nations the hope that he would use his victory with moderation and clemency.

Yet, Sire, in addition to those great and extensive evils which must arise from the destruction of the national existence of Poland by perfidy and injustice, we learn from authentic sources of information, that degrading cruelties are inflicted on persons of all ranks and all ages, which make us shudder to think, that, in these days of enlightenment and civilization, proceedings can be adopted which would have disgraced the dark periods of barbarism; that the children of the patriots are sent to military colonies, where they are to be brought up and educated with the children of the serfs of Russia; that numbers of the Polish soldiers, and even some of the officers, have been marched on foot, with their heads shaved, to the deserts of Siberia; and that some parties have been sent thither designated by numbers instead of names, in order that their residence and existence may be unknown.

As men, and as Christians, to whom the welfare of all should be the object of desire and endeavour, and as Britons, who know by experience the inestimable advantages of national liberty and political independence, we earnestly implore your Majesty to cause the most energetic and solemn remonstrances to be made to the Emperor of Russia, by your own Ambassadors, and to recommend the same course to your Majesty's Allies, in behalf of the unhappy Poles; in order that the barbarous cruelties and unmerited degradation which they are experiencing individually may be checked, if not altogether prevented; and that preparation may be made for the restoration of their nation to its independence and rank as one of the states of Europe, in accordance with the now violated stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna.

In all this we appeal, Sire, to the great principle which we know has been repeatedly recognized by that eminent statesman whom your Majesty has placed at the head of your Government,—viz., that Divine Providence exercises a righteous administration among nations, as well as among individuals. And 'we humbly trust' (to apply his own language on another occasion) 'that in the moral order by which Divine Providence administers the government of the world, this great act of justice to Poland may contribute to consolidate the safety, and to prolong the tranquillity of Europe.'

THOUGHTS ON POWER, AND ON THE UNIVERSAL AGENCY OF
THE DEITY.

THERE are few speculations connected with the philosophy of the human mind which have been more involved in paradox and mystery, than that which relates to the idea of power. The chapter on this subject in *Locke's Essay* is generally allowed to be among the most abstruse and unsatisfactory parts of that celebrated work; and later writers, in several instances, have been equally unsuccessful in the attempt to convey their meaning in distinct and intelligible terms. According to the metaphorical language employed by some, it would seem as if they considered

it as a sort of bond or link; something distinct both from the cause and the effect, which serves to unite or bind them together. According to another numerous class of metaphysical writers, we have in fact no idea or belief of power at all, even as an attribute of our own minds. All we know is, that the cause precedes and the effect follows; and, by accurate observation, we can trace certain *laws* according to which it appears that this succession of appearances is governed;—but *how* this connexion takes place is to us a profound mystery. Even as an attribute of our own minds, it is denied by them that we have any conception or belief of power, which does not resolve itself into a new perception of the uniform and invariable order of antecedents and consequents. When one ball strikes against another, impulse precedes and motion follows; in like manner, when we desire to move a limb, volition precedes and muscular contraction follows; and this, say they, is all we know of the matter.

This paradox appears to have arisen from their having erroneously taken it for granted that the idea of power is obtained merely by attending to the invariable order of succession in material objects. This invariable order, though it may *imply* the notion and belief of power, is far from constituting or completing them. The idea is derived, in the first instance, from our own consciousness; and the attribute itself, when thus considered, belongs to the mind exclusively. It results in fact from the combined effect of a great variety of distinct impressions in very early life.

The above I conceive to be, in the main, a correct description of the manner in which this idea gradually arises in the human mind. It is observable that, in the *first*, and perhaps also in the *last* and most matured form in which it appears, it is referred exclusively to the mind itself; and is only ascribed by analogy to those inanimate substances which are vulgarly believed to be the *efficient* causes of the various phenomena or changes which occur in nature. In all the varieties of its application, it appears to involve a tacit reference to *volition*, without which it seems impossible to conceive of any real energy or agency.

To guard against misconception it may, however, be proper to remark before we proceed further, that though the idea of power appears to us to be thus acquired, and the belief in its existence as an attribute of *created* minds, thus generated, it does not therefore follow that this idea is correct, or this belief well grounded. It is, accordingly, a blundering together of these two very distinct things which has probably led to no small portion of the paradoxes that abound in this somewhat abstruse speculation. The belief may be erroneous; but that we really have this conception and belief of power as something in ourselves which renders us more than the mere 'occasions' or 'antecedents,' however uniform or invariable, of our voluntary actions, appears so evident that it is

difficult to conceive how any one who is not retained to support an arbitrary hypothesis can undertake to call it in question. Some writers, however,—among whom we must class the late ingenious Dr. Thomas Brown,—appear to have carried the matter to this extravagant length. It may, perhaps, be possible to convince a man in the full exercise of his senses and understanding, that the volitions of his mind, and the consequent actions which he is accustomed to regard as standing in the near relation of cause and effect, are merely concomitant effects of other powers distinct from and independent of himself; but how he is to be convinced that he has never had, nor ever can have, any other notion of the matter than this, is more than I can conceive.

If, then, it be granted that the mind is early imbued with this conception (call it erroneous and fallacious if you will), which leads it to ascribe its own voluntary actions to a power exercised by itself, the analogy which extends this conception to inanimate objects is abundantly obvious. When our attention is forcibly drawn to phenomena and changes closely analogous to those which we know to arise from our own volitions,—more especially when these effects are produced to an extent and in a degree surpassing our utmost efforts to counteract or resist them,—when, for example, we contemplate with emotions approaching to awe the movements of a mighty steam-engine, whirling with prodigious velocity massy wheels which our unassisted force could not move, and accomplishing at once, with apparent facility, a multitude of effects any one of which would surpass all the strength which we could exert,—and, above all, when we behold the wonderful phenomena of nature—the tempest, the earthquake, or the volcano,—can we wonder that the astonished spectator, wholly occupied by second causes, should invest them with an agency which really belongs only to mind, and should ascribe to inanimate impercipient objects a *power* resembling in kind, but vastly transcending in degree that of which he is conscious in himself?

The great bulk of mankind, it is probable, never get beyond this; but continue to ascribe power and agency, and even volition and various passions, to what are called *mechanical* causes. In their estimation, the *raging* tempest, the *fury* of devouring flames, &c., are, it is apprehended, something more than mere metaphors. They who are led to philosophise more deeply, seldom fail to perceive in some degree, though still imperfectly, the fallacy of these notions, and gradually withdraw the attribute of power from many of those objects to which it had been unwarily extended. The influence of association, however, still continues to such an extent, that perhaps, even when engaged in speculating on the subject, and certainly at all other times, they habitually rest in second causes, and ascribe the phenomena of external nature to real energies residing in matter. And the researches of natural philo-

sophers in recent times may, perhaps, serve in some measure to promote the illusion: for, in proportion as our knowledge of natural phenomena extends, we seem to be continually approaching nearer and nearer to an exact acquaintance with the laws according to which those powers, whatever be their real nature, which produce these effects operate, so as more easily to persuade ourselves that we have actually detected the hidden agents themselves,—an achievement which is probably destined never to grace the triumphs of human philosophy. The result of the latest investigations in physical science seems to be to approximate the various branches of which it consists, and to reduce them all to one general law, of which it seems highly probable that they will be ultimately found to be only diversified modifications. Thus all the phenomena of chemical affinity and combination appear to arise from corpuscular and electric attractions.* There is also a close connexion evidently existing between electricity and magnetism; and the analogy between both these and the attraction of gravitation is too obvious to require pointing out. Now, in almost all these cases, we observe a series of changes taking place in a manner sufficiently resembling that in which voluntary motions follow the peculiar feeling or affection of mind which we call power; and therefore we find ourselves strongly impelled to refer these appearances also to a cause of the same nature.

But where does this power reside?—in matter? This would be to affirm that matter can perceive, acknowledge, and obey laws;—that matter can measure distances, estimate the various relations which subsist between different bodies, and judge of their respective qualities, which the profoundest philosopher can only imperfectly comprehend. In short,

‘If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,
Reside not in each block,’

we must of necessity ascribe the power, which in reality produces the succession of changes we behold in the various departments of the material universe, to some mind or intelligence, capable of comprehending the nature of the effect, of perceiving and duly appreciating the circumstances in which it is to take place, able to carry its volitions into execution, and possessed of wisdom to lay down for the direction of that power the most salutary laws. By a uniform adherence to such laws, not only are the best ends brought about by the most suitable means, but the rational creatures of God are enabled to cherish a well-grounded confidence in the regularity of the course of nature, and from the experience of the past to derive a rule for the future. We feel ourselves, therefore, compelled to draw the conclusion that the real *efficient* cause of the phenomena of the material universe

is to be sought for, not in what some writers have unaccountably styled the 'energies of inanimate nature,' but in a thinking, intelligent being, or beings, whose actions may be governed by laws laid down to regulate their conduct, and may be directed with a reference to certain objects, which they seek to attain by the employment of suitable means, and whose importance and value they are able to appreciate.

So far as this then, we are authorised, and, indeed, required, to proceed, by the preceding analysis of the idea of power; which seems to show that it necessarily involves the notion of certain mental affections or feelings, and therefore cannot exist in a being destitute of consciousness or intelligence. And further than this it does not seem as if that analysis absolutely required us to proceed; since, if our idea of power is acquired by reflecting on what passes in our own minds, there does not seem to be anything absurd or inconsistent in the doctrine which ascribes the phenomena of the material universe to the intervention of subordinate intelligent agents, each intrusted with a peculiar department which he is endowed with powers adequate to comprehend and direct. Other considerations, however, may perhaps induce us to believe that this view of things, though it involves no contradiction, is highly improbable; and, if taken in connexion with the doctrine of necessity, they may even convince us that we have no refuge from inextricable difficulties and perplexities, but in the belief that all the events, both of the material and the intellectual world, are the *immediate* results of the Divine omnipotence;—that the Creator not only made at first, but continually upholds in being, everything that exists;—that He is not only the source but the repository of all real power:—that He is, in truth, the real efficient cause of every change that takes place, and, in the strict and proper sense of the word, the *only* agent in the universe.

This, it must be acknowledged, is a wonderful, nay, an overwhelming, thought; which is too vast for our minds fully and clearly to comprehend, or to follow out completely into all its practical consequences. Perhaps it is even impossible for us *at all times* to believe it; because, after all, such is the weakness of human nature,—such is the extent to which the habitual thoughts and feelings, even of the philosopher, are governed, not by philosophy, or by careful reflection and meditation, but by the unobserved, unacknowledged, and, in a certain sense, casual associations which he, along with the rest of the world has imperceptibly formed, which have grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, till it is no longer in his power, however he may be convinced of their fallacy, entirely to shake them off,—that whatever may be our theoretical opinions, whatever may be the conclusions to which we may have been led by laborious investigation, to keep these steadily before the mind is an effort beyond our strength. It too often becomes necessary for us, not only to

think with the wise and speak with the vulgar, but to content ourselves with thinking with the wise for a few minutes at a time, and for the rest of our lives subjecting not only our language, but our belief and our conduct to the dominion of mechanical association and popular prejudice. In such cases, the soul—

‘ Unused to stretch her powers
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,’

and, at length, is fain to repose in those crude notions which have often been formed, without any labour or voluntary effort on her part, by the mere influence of the circumstances in which we have been placed.

Constantly to ascribe all to God, may indeed, as Dr. Priestley has somewhere observed, be too much for humanity. Still, however, it is a truly exalted and animating conception, which, at those moments when we have leisure to reflect, may fill our minds with the most pleasing and satisfactory views of the Divine government, and the necessary dependence of everything which exists on the great First Cause. If, in the execution, as well as in the original plan, we in fact discern at every step the *immediate* exertion of infinite power, then we have a ground of confidence in the entire accomplishment of all which that plan comprehends, as well as in the complete exclusion of everything which it does not absolutely require, which the believer in a general providence only, interfering occasionally to check and control the operation of a multitude of inferior delegated powers, can but imperfectly and faintly conceive.

W. T.

Halifax.

THE REV. M. A. COQUEREL ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN FRANCE.

THE following part of an address delivered early in the present year, in the church of the Oratoire in Paris, on the consecration of M. Horace Gourjon to the Protestant church of Cherbourg, contains indications of the present state of religion, and of the expectations of its friends and champions in France. M. Coquerel, the preacher, is one of the many thinking men in the French church; his views as to the proper object of worship are precisely ours; he is an anti-calvinist, but holds the doctrines of the pre-existence and of the atonement in a sense not easily explained. His are the views generally prevalent in the reformed church. The church newly dedicated in Cherbourg, is one of several granted by the government to the Protestants, who have recently numbered many new ones, and is endowed with the salary paid by the state.

Paris.

J. W.

1 Cor. xvi. 9.—‘A great door is opened to me and there are many adversaries.’

After having enlarged on the energetic and useful character of the apostle Paul, he states that these words are applicable to the present time in this country.

You will contradict me, my brethren, if I misjudge the time in which we live; you will set me right, my colleagues, if I ill understand our task; but it seems to me that this short but striking picture of the church at Ephesus, is a just representation of the reformed church of our days. In order to fulfil our ministry with effect, we have to remember, that we live in the nineteenth century, in a state of society which we must study closely in order to appreciate it, on its coming out from political commotions the most violent that ever were; and upon this territory of France, the most productive and fertile, in which, as everywhere else in this world, the tares spring up among the wheat. I hope, therefore, to promote the object of this holy solemnity, by enquiring what religious aspect our country presents to us. This examination will lead us, I think, to say, each of his own church, *a great door is open to me, but there are many adversaries.*

1. *A great door is open to us.*—The thought expressed in this noble and simple image leaves us in no doubt: it is found often in profane authors, and always used by them in the same sense as by the sacred writers. A happy occasion is presented to us of spreading the gospel. I know, my brethren, that some minds, skillful in slander, and accustomed to darken, take in evil part all that the present generation is doing, and despair of good to this generation. ‘Modern society,’ they say, ‘is fallen into dissolution; it has no longer any tie, nor bridle, nor faith;’ and when they seek the power that reigns, they find nothing but self-interest: ‘This alone is powerful in our time; it stifles modesty, it discolours true glory, it breaks the charm of all pure affection; and it is because we are a nation who seek only self-interest, that we have so much difficulty in becoming true citizens in the state, and true believers in the church: it is because we worship ourselves with so much ardour, that we worship God so coldly.’ These reproaches are familiar to you, without doubt, for they now find a place in all our conversations and in all our books; and the accusation, it must be confessed, is not destitute of foundation. Our people, for forty years, have been tossed from rock to rock, and from storm to storm; and you know that self-preservation easily takes the lead in the midst of the tempest: when a man is awaiting a shipwreck, he seldom thinks of any but himself. Men of great minds, Christians of deep conviction, alone remain masters of their feelings, and make charity to triumph at the sight of danger. But whatever leaven of interest the perpetual fluctuations of our destiny have caused to rise in our minds, I think I can perceive, in the midst of the keen efforts which carry

each one onwards to his own interest,—I think I can see slowly rising up, the only adversary that shall triumph over self-interest—Religion. I think I can see opening wider and wider a great door to Christianity.

Let us first listen here to the voice of history. It teaches us that no people has gone back twice to the same follies and the same iniquity: moral revolutions, like political revolutions, go on, whatever may be done, to their natural term. They resemble a fire, which is not extinguished until it has consumed all that feeds it; cover it up, it will burn beneath the ashes. But these changes of manners and opinions, as soon as they are accomplished, are accomplished for ever; and you will sooner see the sun himself turn back, than you will cause a people to retrograde, that has once moved onward. In a word, what a people has been, it will not be again; and our people have been already all that a people can be. Consult our annals: we have had our ages of ignorance; our fertile soil has been left fallow, like the rest of Europe. There is a period in our history, in which the first men of the country scarcely knew how to read their titles of nobility, or sign their family names, and the pommel of their sword served for the seal and the signature, as if to prove that force alone was right. These times are passed; and instruction will necessarily go on increasing. Why so? but because the hand of man is too feeble to extinguish the light which God has caused to break forth and which his providence maintains. And we have had our age of fanaticism,—the inevitable result of a long day of ignorance. Intolerance dictated its absurd and cruel laws; man was forbidden to think, at least to think aloud; and who is better acquainted with this than we, all whose temples have been blackened by the smoke of funeral piles, and who cannot come into our houses of prayer without disturbing at our entrance the ashes of martyrs? These times are past. And when the worn-out spring of fanaticism was let down, we had our epoch of impurity: to console ourselves for so much intolerance, we took refuge in shame; from blood we passed to corruption, and history has not found terms to relate all it has had to say: these times are passed. Incredulity has since appeared, as if it would serve as an excuse for depravity. A thick phalanx of men of talent, led on by two men of genius, came to attack the gospel boldly; as though a thing so small as the genius of man could overthrow one so vast as the spirit of God. There remain but feeble relics of these mighty exertions. The seat of the scoffers is empty; and if all are not reading the gospel, I shall in vain seek for those who despise or laugh at it. These times are passed: but they have left behind them their fruits, and we have had also our time of intellectual and religious anarchy; and the wisdom of the wise has been destroyed, and the prudence of the understanding has been brought to nought to such an extent, that reason, knowing no

longer what to adore, has finished, by deifying and adoring herself. These times are passed, my brethren : count one by one these recollections ;—ignorance, fanaticism, demoralization, incredulity, anarchy ;—what can happen more and what can happen worse to any people ? Nothing—but all this has happened to us ; and when a society of men has passed through all these states, what can there be before it in future, if it be not a period altogether different ; instruction in the place of ignorance, liberty instead of fanaticism, pure manners to supplant a scandalous infamy, faith in the room of infidelity, and order for anarchy ? Yes : when evil times are at an end, better times begin ; and I believe, with an exquisite joy, that we are at this beginning. A nation cannot, without making an immense circuit, transmigrate, so to say, from a false religion, or from no religion at all, to a pure religion. The moral convalescence of a people is long, but it is sure. The epoch in which we live is the interval, the passage, the transition : and this may be difficult to traverse ; but it is also the proof that a great door is open to us, to us who announce peace to many agitated hearts, self-denial to many discontented ambitions, truth to many sincere minds, salvation to many unquiet consciences, and immortality after many mournings. For, in truth, to look at our long civil wars, and our long foreign wars, it appears, that a new confirmation is given to the terrible proverb of Solomon, that *the grave is never satisfied, and that death never says it is enough.*

Remark too, that these great events have served as a lesson, and have given to the minds of our people a seriousness which is useful to our cause, and which they had not before. Forty years of revolution give to the most trifling time to reflect ; and they, who in their youth had reckoned to pass through life with a smile, have been amazed at the tears they have shed even before their hair has become grey. It is in profiting by such recollections, that our modern Agrippas are made to cry out, *Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian.* And do you not know how often our worship, so majestic and imposing in its simplicity, has caused this involuntary and silent avowal to burst out from the bottom of an agitated heart ? And, can you doubt that a great door is opened for the gospel, when our worship, the legal existence of which scarcely numbers thirty years, covers already the soil of our country ? Thirty years ago we had not a temple, and we have now near five hundred. Who, then, has repaired so many ruins and raised so many sanctuaries in so few days, if it is not God himself ? Ah ! the gospel has been kept alive even then, when it seemed to be dead ; and a great door is opened to it, even when incredulity has thought it fast shut. Is not this very temple in which I am speaking a living proof in favour of our religious hopes ? It is the second of which we were put into possession in the capital ; and I fear not to tell you, as the prophet Haggai told his cotemporaries, that *the glory of this second house shall be*

greater than the glory of the former. It occurs to me,—to me who have prayed, a child, in the midst of you, before I prayed with you in this pulpit—thanks and glory be rendered for it to God—since that time how much has our worship gained in numbers, in fervour, in silence, in assiduity ! Oh ! my brethren, let what you have already done be a lesson, and the measure of what remains for you to do ; and a proof for us, the sweetest of all, that a great door is opened for us.

Finally, extend your views beyond the walls of this enclosure ; listen to that ebullition which carries away the minds of the people ; that whispered rumour which announces that opinions long shaken are settling down : look at those old men, who are comforted in death by a religion which they disdained through their lives ; see those young men, above all, whom their sincerity is leading on, and who are seeking for a religion, as the eagle aspires to the light of the sun. They search into politics, and there find nothing but a social economy ; they search into philosophy, and have found a brilliant light, without doubt, but one which dazzles their sight without warming their heart ; they search into science, and often find a chilly materialism, which, if it were true, would make us regret that we are not marble statues rather than creatures of flesh and blood ; and which disenchants everything, virtue, love, and life, and even the tomb : they search into literature, and there they find impurities which, to complete danger and distaste, have the inconvenience of shocking the minds of the serious. They search—Who will tell you that they will not one day search the gospel ? Who will tell you that this last step to take, this last corner to search into, will not occur to their mind ? Who will tell you that by dint of looking to the heavens, they will not end by directing their attention to our heaven ? *He who seeks shall find ; to him who asks it shall be given ; and to him who knocks it shall be opened.* Is it the fault of men that they seek with inexperience, and when their early education fails to assist the first lights of faith ? No, truly, my brethren ; but *a great door is open to us.*—Well, ministers of Christ, my fellow-labourers, my guides, and my friends, *the door is open* ; it is for us to enter ; it is for us to take the age as we find it, and to speak to it a language which it can understand and love. The time is ours, and we are its. The moral and religious revolution of our country is begun : let it continue, let it advance, let it be completed ; and if our generation is, by the help of God, to see it accomplished, and hear, before they go the way of all the earth, Christ and Christ crucified blessed from the north to the south of our dear country, you, our predecessors in the career, who have laid the first stones for the foundations of the edifice,—we know all that the church owes to you, but we have nothing to envy in your lot, and we will bequeath in dying to our children a France more beautiful, more free, more strong, more happy, and more religious than ever.

II. These triumphs will not be obtained without battle ; for, with St. Paul at Ephesus, each one of us may say, *there are many adversaries*. But unavoidable struggle will inspire fear only in him for whom the holy ministry is no other than a maintenance in life. If he believe he will not fear ; assured that Christ is with us even to the end of the world ; and that these three things will not fail, —faith, hope, and charity. One cause of uneasiness alone will be well founded, namely, that of seeing antagonists where there are none, and of deceiving ourselves as to our adversaries. Let us try, then, to distinguish who they are.

The first which presents itself is false shame. ‘I,’ say men often, ‘at my age, after enjoying so long a period of religious tranquillity, shall I quit my habits,—shall I ask the passers by the forgotten road to the sanctuary, that they may stare at me and be astonished at seeing me returning to it ? I, shall I go to the communion, after so many years passed without communion ; and shall I in one day give the lie to all the former part of my life ? It is too late.’ And thus false shame prevails over God himself, a respect for the world over the fear of God, and a dread of banter over the dread of eternity. Ah ! with all our power we must attack without ceasing this dangerous enemy of faith, in showing, above all, how cowardly it is to yield to it. False shame is a littleness of mind, and all they who yield to it are drivellers ; men who have not their heart aright, who know not how to hold up their heads in the world ; whence it happens that a blush rises on their countenances without a cause. They fear what is least to be feared,—the sarcasm of scoffers, the disdain of the impious ; and they resemble children, who, instead of fearing a real danger, draw back with terror before an impure insect, which, had they waited a moment, would have soon disappeared in the mire from which it came out. And it sometimes happens in these same minds, in which false shame gives birth to little fears, that pride sheds its illusions—pride, which makes us think ourselves just before God, which prevents our knowing the need of a Saviour, and which, from step to step, leads men to regard the Christ as a sage, the gospel as a system of morals, and immortality as a blessing that is obtained for us, and which we need only take the trouble to accept : a fatal error, which denaturalizes Christianity, and places the narrow wisdom of man in the place of the immense wisdom of God. My brethren, it was not seen only at Ephesus—alas ! it is seen everywhere. To contend against it with success, we must strive without fanaticism—we must act upon the principle that man, here below, is neither a demon nor an angel, but a being moral and free, who has reason for his guide, and grace for his helper, in the midst of passions which subject him and lead him astray ; and in order to reach the term of his heavenly vocation, to stand before him to whom on a thousand charges he will not answer for one of them, he has need of a Saviour.—This Saviour

is come, and too often he meets with indifference—indifference—this is the adversary against which we have to struggle;—indifference, this deep wound of our age, which, when God perseveres in wishing to expose it by warnings so terrible, persists in remaining in a base and frozen sleep. My brethren, reckon up the faithful of this capital, and the number of our temples, and you will be sorely afflicted at the number of the absent. Are they all then impious men, incredulous scoffers? No; they are what it is easy to be—they are indifferent. To watch is to take trouble; to sleep is to avoid it altogether; and the church of God is always too far from the habitation of the indifferent man. Yes, but God is near; death, perhaps, is near; and judgment is certainly not far off: and to the tomb they must go down, and to judgment they must appear; and what account will they give of this life? what will they say before God? Lord I have slept!—*Awake thou then, thou who sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.* And when one snatches himself from this torpor, when one shakes off for a moment this fatal indifference, how often, as a last adversary, do we meet with that convenient resignation, by which he submits to receive from his parents the religion they have professed, as a legacy which he cannot refuse to accept. One of the favorite declarations of the present day is this,—‘I will not change my religion, I will keep that of my family, and not offer it the affront of chusing another—good for my ancestors, it is good enough for me.’ My brethren, this excuse is sincere, or it is not. If there is sincerity in it, we will respect that sincerity, and we will not look into it for an adversary; but then let us see the proof in their following up this profession,—this paternal inheritance which they refuse to alter. To bear the name of a sect which our ancestors bore is not to have their religion; and I avow with sorrow, when I hear this excuse offered by men who, as the only mark of their faith, have received a baptism which has left no trace on their brow, and have made their first communion the remembrance of which has passed from their memory even before they understood its meaning; when I hear men who live without piety, without prayer, and without hope, who disdain even to think of the religion which was imposed upon them in their infancy, and who will not appear in a Christian temple until their cold carcass is carried thither,—when I hear these men say and repeat that they will keep the faith of their fathers, I am compelled to reply to them, that, without regarding what they say, they lie to God and to men; that they unjustly offer the piety of their ancestors as an excuse for their own lukewarmness; and that their fathers will themselves rise up against them in judgment; for their fathers had a religion, and the sons, apparently so respectful, have none.

I have reckoned up, I think, all our adversaries;—false shame, pride, indifference of mind, and prejudice of birth,—these are they

all, and others are but a shadow; these are they all, and I have taken care, you see, not to reckon the differences of faith as motives for contention. Understand it well, oh! my colleagues; and you, above all, my young brother, who soon will find yourself thrown into the midst of the commotions and the progress of the Protestantism of our days, you are not to regard as enemies those who think not as you do. Leave to them respectively their liberty; you will with so much better reason demand that they will leave you yours. There, even where faith is different, charity may be one. It is by *the bond of charity* that you must *keep the unity of the faith*. It is the only possible unity, the only one that is Christian, the only one that is durable. It reposes on the imprescriptible right that God has given us to read the Gospel, and to explain it according as conscience and reason shall direct. This is the unity which existed between Saint Paul and Saint Peter on the works and the ceremonies of the law; and more than ever does it become us to unite with a brotherly love around this banner of liberty and peace: for we are advancing with rapid strides towards an epoch, in which the greatest misfortune that can happen to Protestantism would be, for diversity of opinion to become a hindrance to a mutual interchange of the name of Christian. Let this line of conduct, oh my young brother, be yours, and then be persuaded that it is impossible for you to calculate the good that you may do. Called, the first, to exercise your ministry in a new church, where already the faithful, without a pastor, have opened a house of prayer, go and finish this work of faith; and exhibit Protestantism to those of our countrymen who know not what it is, and shew to them how a priest may also be a citizen. In that port, celebrated by the wonders of our industry, whither God sends you, go, in presence of the immensity of the ocean, and speak of the majesty of that God who has said to the sea, *Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther*; and of the grandeur of that Jesus of whom they said, *Who is then this man whom the seas obey?* and labour in your holy calling in the firm expectation that one day the faith of the Gospel *shall cover the earth as the waters cover the bottom of the sea*—none of your labours shall be lost. When you cause the tears of repentance to flow, or dry up the tears of mourning, the Lord will accept them. At your voice pardon from the Christ shall descend from heaven—immortality shall stand by your side on the edge of the tomb: as you advance in life you shall be followed in your career by a long line of the faithful, whose pains you have lightened, whose faculties you have enlarged, whose charity and faith you have supported, and whose salvation you have prepared; and when the hour of rendering account shall arrive to you, the last moments of life shall be cheered by the good you have wished to do, and the first moments of your immortality shall be filled with the view of the good which you have done.

Oh, my God! let this great door open before this young pastor, for whom we implore thee! let it remain open to all of us, humble dispensers of thy sacred treasures! Give, in the bosom of our churches, give glory to thy name, efficacy to thy word, advancement to thy reign. Let thy truth become the first lesson of the sons and daughters of thy people, the last thought of our old men, the infallible hope of the dying; and may our whole country, opening its eyes to thy light, and consecrating itself at length and for ever to thee, attest to the world, by its liberty, its peace, its glory, and its prosperity, how truly *righteousness exalteth a nation!*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Records of a Good Man's Life, &c. By the Rev. Charles B. Taylor. 2 vols. London. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1832.

THE first volume contains 'The Records,' and the second volume contains *Et Cetera*; and we like *Et Cetera* very much the best of the two. Under this portion of the title are included several short tales, historical and fancy sketches, which are executed with a good deal of grace and power. They belong, as well as the first and longest story, to the class of religious fiction, and may rank amongst the very best productions of that class. The author's piety is what is called evangelical, and he writes avowedly to extend the influence of what he deems the spirit, not only of the doctrines of the Church of England, but also of its discipline and forms, and in particular of the baptismal ceremony. The first volume is dedicated 'To every person that has undertaken the responsible but blessed office of godfather or godmother.' But in the fervour of his peculiar piety, there is a kindliness which disarms criticism of severity, even towards the errors which, in our apprehension, constitute its peculiarity. Devout readers of all descriptions, who like the presentation of religion in the form of fictitious narrative, will find in these volumes much that is gratifying, and little that can annoy them. Some of the shorter sketches deserve a stronger praise. One of them we should have been glad to quote entire, but we must confine ourselves to the first portion of it.

JOAN OF KENT.

'It wanted but the quarter of an hour to midnight; but although the conference had been prolonged beyond what might be deemed all reasonable time, there seemed but little disposition in any person to rise up and depart. The hall in which the commission was sitting was but poorly lighted, for many of the candles had gone out, unheeded by any one present. Most of the commissioners were assembled; and although the features of many, and even their persons, were greatly obscured by the broad and murky shades which had fallen upon them, the countenance of the Lord Primate, Cranmer, was clearly revealed. The light of a brazen lamp, which hung directly above him, still flamed and flared as brightly as when it was first illumined. He seemed lost

in a maze of perplexing thoughts, and altogether unconscious where he was. The eyes of her who sat right opposite to Cranmer were fixed upon his face with such a keen and searching look, that it seemed as if her glance had pierced through the flesh, and could read the fine and subtle speculations of the mind. She was the only woman among those aged and venerable men; and from the roundness of her slender form and delicate limbs, she seemed still in the summer-tide of age. There was that also about her bearing, and the very attitude in which she sat, that showed the easy gracefulness of one used to high and even courtly society; but from her face, no one could have discovered her age,—scarcely her sex. The deep-set and melancholy eyes,—the breadth of her high forehead,—the haughtiness that knit her brow,—and the scornful curl that seemed natural to her lip, were ill-suited to her small and exquisitely-formed features, and the profusion of light-brown hair, which, though entirely parted off her forehead, clung in natural ringlets about her neck, and mingled with the veil or wimple that flowed down over her shoulders, almost to her feet. It might be that the many wearying examinations to which she had been brought, and the fatigues of that long and protracted conference, had greatly exhausted her; but her cheek and forehead wore that ghastly and marble whiteness which is seen only on the face of the dead. After intently observing the face of the Lord Primate for a long time in silence, she suddenly exclaimed, speaking in short and broken sentences,—

‘What, you are gone back to former days! It doth marvel you to find yourself here, sitting on such a business as the present, Thomas Cranmer. You shone out among your brethren in those darkened times as you do now; but the light which gathered round you did not flare down as from your brazen cresset. It was the pure and spiritual light of truth. You have known troublous times, and should feel, methinks, for a persecuted wretch.—Alack, how few there are that can bear power and prosperous times!’ She paused, and seemed to muse deeply upon her last words. One of the Commission now spoke.

‘Many an hour hath passed, and I had need remind you, Mistress Joan, that we look for your decision.’

‘Peace, man,’ replied she, turning round quietly, but haughtily; ‘I shall take my time; and, if I please to use my woman’s privilege of speaking, the mood shall have its way.’

‘If,’ said the man, looking inquiringly round the assembly, and rather asking the question as he spoke, ‘If you would wish to return to the conference, I think these holy brethren would be nothing loth to give their consent.’

Joan looked in his face for a moment, as if she had not heard him, and then laughed bitterly and scornfully.

‘The conference!’ she cried; ‘and hear again such miserable reasonings? I have had enough of what you call your conference; nor do I wish to hear the fathers of this boasted Church of England expose their weakness to a woman’s face. Your arguments may have a show of worldly wisdom, and perchance too much of the heat of human anger; but in truth a coal of the Lord’s kindling hath touched no tongue among ye. I seek in vain a burning and a shining light. But I would rather hear the sentence that ye said hangs over me; for, if I mistake not, your Christian charity will prove as cold and heartless

as your Christian faith. I was anxious to know if I must bear a faggot in my hands, or stand in a white sheet, bare-footed and bare-headed, to the public gaze, thus to do penances, as if my crime were a shameless lack of chastity, and myself some vain and profligate wanton.'

As she finished speaking, she bent her eyes upon the ground, and drew more closely round her the white and modest folds of her long veil, while a deep, and, it seemed, an angry blush spread over her face, and mounted even to her forehead. There was another pause, in which the council, rising from their seats, discoursed together for some few minutes. Their whispers were short and low; and they had the air of men whose measures were already determined, and who only needed the general and decided assent then given, to make known their decision to the prisoner.

Joan had continued to sit with her face still unraised; and even while the sentence of excommunication was read, she remained as one almost regardless of what passed, till another paper was read, in which her death was spoken of as fixed and settled. She seemed smitten, and pierced to the soul with agony, and a shriek suddenly burst from her, so loud and shrill, that a dead silence succeeded. Breathless she sat, as if eager to catch, and silence at once, the first sound that should be spoken. Again, the same voice proceeded to read the admonition.

'Stop!' she cried, rising, and tossing her arms about her wildly, 'if you are men, if there is common feeling in your bosoms, stop these proceedings. I will not die. Nay, stop, or I will curse you with a curse that shall cling to every soul among you. Stop, I command you, cowards! poor, mean, pitiless cowards! for cowards you must be, to sit here with all this mockery of justice, nay of godliness, and with your written-down and regular sentences, deliver over a helpless woman to a dreadful death.'

But while, at the command of Cranmer, a profound silence still prevailed, some new impulse seemed gradually to rise within her. She clasped her hands, and an expression of such utter wretchedness came over her face, that the hearts of many were deeply affected. The fear of death seemed to have bowed her spirit.

'God, the merciful God in heaven knows,' she exclaimed, 'how unable I, a poor, feeble wretch, am to defend my righteous cause, to make an appeal to which you will listen. He must pity me,' she continued, in a voice scarcely audible, raising her eyes, and lifting her clasped hands towards heaven: 'He must help me, or I am lost. Why must I suffer? I had hoped, good sirs, that happy times were come at last; that we had done with tortures and cruel burnings. You are not savage Papists. Nay, I had thought that many among you would have gone willingly to the stake, sooner than conform to the idolatries and cruelties of bigot Rome. Some of your faces wear a gracious aspect. Good Master Cranmer, will you not prove my friend? You are most powerful here. Tell me, in pity, what I may do to save myself from death.'

'I scarcely need to tell you,' replied the primate, with a mild gravity, 'I scarcely need repeat what you have heard so often. Hear but the truth, or I should rather say, take heed unto it: recant your errors: and, that you may show unto yourself good reason for so doing, call back your spirits from those flights, those wanderings in the realm of

vain imaginations, and pray God that his spirit may direct your search unto that mine of treasure, the Holy Scriptures—there you will find how strange a conceit hath distempered your brain, and you may learn to value that sound doctrine, which must at length prevail even among the sons of men.

‘What is it you say?’ cried Joan, her courage kindling within her. ‘You send me to the Scriptures for instructions? Well, before I recant, I beg one favour of yourselves,—search through the Scriptures, search them through and through, and point me out the passage, if you should find it, where the Spirit bids you commit a cruel murder upon one who never harmed you.’

Cranmer had no answer for this question, but a sigh, and—‘Ah, my daughter, you are in a deep and grievous error!’

‘Can you set me right on what I ask?’ she replied.

‘It would indeed rejoice me,’ he said, with some emotion, ‘if for a little time you would become my pupil; for then, by God’s grace, we might hope to see this fearful darkness clearing from off your mind.’

‘But, first of all, father,’ she exclaimed firmly, but meekly, ‘before I am your disciple, I must know, whether in the event of my continuing unchanged in my present opinion, I must die the death?’

‘This we can speak of afterwards; go with me first unto my palace, and we two will discourse upon this heresy together.’

‘Nay, nay,’ she repeated, with a sterner calmness, ‘let my question be first resolved: In the event of my continuing unchanged in these opinions, must I suffer?’

‘I fear you must.’

‘I need a plain reply,’ she cried. ‘You do not only fear, but you are certain—you must be certain, one way or the other.’

‘Then,’ said he gravely, ‘woman, I am certain.’

‘That I must suffer? Then, from this moment, I am most determined. I gain no instruction from those whose Christian faith can bear so sharp a fruit; therefore to no consideration will I bend. My path lies straight before me; I will tread it. I see the end before me; but I tremble not. Speak not again, for you will waste your words. Here I defy you—get all your instruments of torture ready, go lay your faggots round the stake, you shall find me calmer than my judges, and, I trust, of a more joyful spirit.’

Cranmer would have offered some remonstrances, but she would not hear him.

‘I have had your answer,’ she cried, waving her hand as if to forbid him to speak. ‘Ah! Thomas Cranmer, I do pity thee, a weak, a sinful woman as I am—I pity thee! These very points for which you bid me suffer, may one day be the acknowledged doctrines of your faith!—Poor blinded wretches!’ she continued, looking down upon them all, with a frown of scornful and conscious superiority; ‘from my soul, I despise you. It is goodly to consider your ignorance. Not long ago, you burnt Anne Ascue, for a piece of bread, and yet came yourselves soon after to believe and profess the very doctrine for which you did burn her. And now, forsooth, you will needs burn me for a piece of flesh: but the time will come when you will believe this also, when ye have read the Scriptures, and have learned to understand

them. Now bid the fellows lead me back to prison ; the conference is ended.—Sirs, good night.'

Having thus spoken, she turned from them with an air of high authority, as if she herself had been judge, and they all trembling prisoners ; and for once the weak woman was obeyed in her commands. The commissioners rose up with one consent, and she went back to prison.— Vol. ii. p. 17-26.

Public Fasts Irrational and Antichristian ; a Discourse delivered in the Unitarian Chapel, Glasgow, on Sunday, March 18, 1832. By George Harris.

MR. HARRIS describes, and we think justly, the appointment of the late Fast as 'the tribute of political expediency to sectarian cant.' He views the subject in its relation to the broad principles of civil and religious liberty, and descants upon it in the manly spirit of one who has long been devoted to the advocacy of those principles. His sermon is plain and energetic. Such a course of remark needs no apology ; at least, it is not to their credit with whom it does ; but Mr. Harris's preface contains a vindication of it, dictated by the same spirit, which we have great pleasure in extracting :—

'The political observations in the following Discourse, were occasioned by the Royal Proclamation. They were demanded likewise by the circumstances of the times. Politics constitute one great branch of human duty. The principles of righteousness and temperance ; the cardinal maxim, do to others as you would that others should do to you—cannot be completely illustrated and enforced, unless man is instructed in his duties to himself, his family, his country, and the world, —and this is politics—and this is Christianity. The intrigues, the warfare of rival factions, are indeed inconsistent with the object of religious instruction, and these the Christian minister will avoid ; convinced as he must be by the world's history, that the only issue of such contests has been the sacrifice of the freedom and happiness of the people. But all that tends to the advancement of the world's improvement, and the world's regeneration, it is his especial duty to aid to the utmost of his power ; and woe be to him, if he flinch from the task because the labour may be arduous, or because offence may be taken at his efforts. Much misapprehension exists upon this subject. To suppose that an individual, by becoming a preacher, renounces his privileges as a man—that the instructor in morality is to leave untouched one great branch of morals, that which relates to the actions of man to man—is indeed one of those strange prejudices, which indicate most strikingly human inconsistency and ignorance. Peculiarly obligatory is it on him, to treat of man, not only as an individual, but as a social being ; not to circumscribe his views to the mere relations of self and family, but to carry them out into the highways of society ; to show that Christianity is the law of action to the ruler as well as the ruled—that that which is morally wrong, can never be politically right, and that nations, as well as private persons, are amenable to the sacred and soul-elevating commandments of the Gospel of Jesus. Great obloquy has been cast upon those Prelates of the English Established

Church, whose vote in the House of Lords set at nought the expectations and desires of a long-suffering people. The fault was in the system which placed them there, more than in the men themselves. They were there, as the chosen and appointed guardians of the wisdom of their ancestors, the sworn defenders of antiquated creeds and ancient institutions. They laboured, therefore, but in their vocation. To separate individuals from their fellow-countrymen, to band them together as a sacred and privileged class, to render them independent of the people's control, and to make their interests independent of the people's prosperity—and yet, to expect them to act in unison with the people's wishes, and in defiance of the objects for which their Order was created—is another of those anomalies, the blessed fruit of ignorance and error. The supporters of a Church in alliance with the State have, at least, no just ground of complaint. Whilst they continue to abet the cause of evil, they ought not to object to the natural consequences.'

Demerara; a Tale. By Harriet Martineau. (*Illustrations of Political Economy, No. IV.*)

EVERY succeeding number of this publication increases, not merely our own, but the general conviction of the utility of the work itself, and the great and expanding talents of the author. The labour which it required to select and arrange the materials, great as it must be, is forgotten in the felicity with which they are combined and animated in these powerful stories; and both are rendered subservient to an object as wise and benevolent, to say the least, as any to which literary exertion has ever been directed. It was our purpose to have made this number the foundation of some general remarks on the great subject of slavery, of which it treats. An emancipation nearer home has diverted our attention, and left us no opportunity. We can, therefore, only add our recommendation of this number, and of the series, to that of the universal periodical press. Those who delight in poetry and pathos, in dramatic and pictorial power of a high order, we refer to the prayer of Cassius (p. 88), the hurricane, and the death of the overseer (p. 106), and the flight, chase, and catastrophe, in chap. xi. We may look long to find these descriptions surpassed. And to show how nobly the author has illustrated her position, in the preface, that 'the reason and the sensibilities are made for co-operation,'—and that 'the most stirring eloquence issues from the calmest logic,' we subjoin the philosophy of slavery, which is contained in her summary, at the conclusion, of the principles inculcated in this volume.

'PROPERTY is held by conventional, not natural right.

'As the agreement to hold man in property never took place between the parties concerned, *i. e.* is not conventional, man has no right to hold man in property.

'LAW, *i. e.* the sanctioned agreement of the parties concerned, secures property.

'Where the parties are not agreed, therefore, law does not secure property.

'Where one of the parties under the law is held as property by another party, the law injures the one or the other as often as they are

opposed. Moreover, its very protection injures the protected party,—as when a rebellious slave is hanged.

Human labour is more valuable than brute labour, only because actuated by reason ; for human strength is inferior to brute strength.

‘The origin of labour, human and brute, is the Will.

‘The Reason of slaves is not subjected to exercise, nor their Will to more than a few weak motives.

‘The labour of slaves is therefore less valuable than that of brutes, inasmuch as their strength is inferior ; and less valuable than that of free labourers, inasmuch as their Reason and Will are feeble and alienated.

‘Free and slave labour are equally owned by the capitalist.

‘Where the labourer is not held as capital, the capitalist pays for labour only.

‘Where the labourer is held as capital, the capitalist not only pays a much higher price for an equal quantity of labour, but also for waste, negligence, and theft, on the part of the labourer.

‘Capital is thus sunk, which ought to be reproduced.

‘As the supply of slave-labour does not rise and fall with the wants of the capitalist, like that of free labour, he employs his occasional surplus on works which could be better done by brute labour or machinery.

‘By rejecting brute labour, he refuses facilities for convertible husbandry, and for improving the labour of his slaves by giving them animal food.

‘By rejecting machinery, he declines the most direct and complete method of saving labour.

‘Thus, again, capital is sunk which ought to be reproduced.

‘In order to make up for this loss of capital to slave-owners, bounties and prohibitions are granted in their behalf by government ; the waste committed by certain capitalists abroad being thus paid for out of the earnings of those at home.

‘Sugar being the production especially protected, everything is sacrificed by planters to the growth of sugar. The land is exhausted by perpetual cropping, the least possible portion of it is tilled for food, the slaves are worn out by overwork, and their numbers decrease in proportion to the scantiness of their food, and the oppressiveness of their toil.

‘When the soil is so far exhausted as to place its owner out of reach of the sugar bounties, more food is raised, less toil is inflicted, and the slave population increases.

‘Legislative protection, therefore, not only taxes the people at home, but promotes ruin, misery, and death, in the protected colonies.

‘A free trade in sugar would banish slavery altogether, since competition must induce an economy of labour and capital ; *i. e.*, a substitution of free for slave labour.

‘Let us see, then, what is the responsibility of the legislature in this matter.

‘The slave system inflicts an incalculable amount of human suffering, for the sake of making a wholesale waste of labour and capital.

‘Since the slave system is only supported by legislative protection, the legislature is responsible for the misery caused by direct infliction, and for the injury indirectly occasioned by the waste of labour and capital.’

As Cassius, who may be called the black hero of the story, is at last emancipated, and starts for the new Negro Republic of Liberia, that glorious asylum for the freed slaves of America of which we gave some account a few months since, it may not be amiss to subjoin the most recent account we have seen of that interesting settlement.

The following letter from Washington, written by a Baptist Missionary, who visited the Settlement, and addressed to Mr. Cresson, will be read with great interest by all the friends of negro freedom:

Washington, February 10, 1832.

Dear Sir—Having just arrived in the United States from the colony of Liberia, to which place I went as Master of the Schooner *Margaret Mercer*, and where I remained thirteen days, during which time I was daily on shore, and carefully observed the state of affairs, and inquired into the condition of the people, I venture to state some facts in regard to the circumstances and prospects of the colony. On the 14th of December I arrived, and on the 15th went on shore, and was received in the most polite and friendly manner by the Governor, Dr. Mechlin, who introduced me to the ministers and the principal inhabitants. All the colonists appear to be in good health; all my expectations in regard to the aspect of things—the health, harmony, order, contentment, industry, and general prosperity of the settlers—were more than realised. There are about two hundred buildings in the town of Monrovia, extending along the Cape Messurado not far from a mile and a quarter; most of these are good substantial houses and stores, (the first story of many of them being of stone,) and some of them handsome, spacious, painted, and with Venetian blinds. Nothing struck me as more remarkable than the great superiority in intelligence, manners, conversation, dress, and general appearance in every respect of the people, over their coloured brethren in America. So much was I pleased with what I saw, that I observed to the people, should I make a true report it would hardly be credited in the United States. Among all that I conversed with, I did not find a discontented person, or hear one express a desire to return to America. I saw no intemperance, nor did I hear a profane word uttered by any one. Being a minister of the gospel, on Christmas-day I preached both in the Methodist and Baptist churches to full and attentive congregations of from three to four hundred persons in each. I know of no place where the Sabbath appears to be more respected than in Monrovia. I was glad to see that the colonial agent, or Governor, is a constant attendant, and appears desirous of promoting the moral and religious welfare of the people. Most of the settlers appear to be rapidly acquiring property; and I have no doubt they are doing better for themselves and their children in Liberia than they could do in any other part of the world. Could the free people of colour in this country but see the real condition of their brethren who have settled in Africa, I am persuaded they would require no other motives to induce them to emigrate. This is my decided and deliberate judgment.—Very respectfully, Sir, your friend and servant,

WILLIAM ABELS.

'P. S.—I have several times dined with the colonists, and I think no better tables could be set in any part of the world; we had everything that heart could desire of meats, and fish, and fowl, and vegetables, and wines, &c. &c.

We received this letter with the following remarks appended, in which we heartily coincide:—

‘Contrast these accounts with the reports of the Sierra Leone Commissioners. Upon Sierra Leone six or seven millions have been squandered, and it has been the grave of thousands of Europeans—yet we believe, after an experiment of more than forty years, it is now almost universally acknowledged, that the settlement is a failure. But like everything else, until within the last few years, Sierra Leone has been jobbed. We must choose another locality, if we can hope to rival our Transatlantic cousins in this blessed work, and we must adopt another mode of management. In fact we must copy from them.

‘On looking over the list of the members of the Managing Committee of this Society, we find that their President is that truly venerable and happy old man, Charles Carrol, of Carlton, the only survivor of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence, and now in the ninety-fifth year of his age. Among the members are persons of all religious persuasions—Catholics, Protestants, Presbyterians, Quakers. In America, members of all religious persuasions can and do meet upon the common arena of Christianity with a view of promoting the doctrines of its Divine Founder, and contributing to the happiness of the human race. It is not the least remarkable nor the least cheering part of this work of charity to learn, which we do from an unquestionable source, that many of the Americans are ready to emancipate their slaves—we have heard to the amount of 100,000—as provision may be made for their transport to the coast of Africa. Slavery has been long the plague-spot in the American system: but it is delightful to find that the people have set about in right earnest the only practicable mode by which the stigma can be effaced with safety to the country, or the unfortunate beings themselves.’

Lectiones Latinæ; or, Lessons in Latin Literature. By J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S. Wilson. London.

A WELL-selected series of extracts from classical authors, with interlinear translations both literal and free, and a good grammatical compendium. While teachers may find it very useful, to the self-taught it will be a most welcome and efficient help.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THANKS to Alethe; we shall be glad to receive more, of a similar description.

The ‘Offering of Sympathy to Parents’ has been already reviewed in the ‘Repository;’ we are glad to see it reprinted. The ‘Memoir,’ and ‘Sermons,’ have not yet been received at our office, or they would have been noticed.

We do not think that we should assist *Veritas* by the insertion of his remarks, and the discussion which might ensue. He seems to us to have confused notions of the nature and plan of Divine Revelation, and controversy on particular points would only tend to more confusion. We would respectfully advise him to read an excellent American publication, entitled ‘The Atoning Sacrifice a display of Love, not of Wrath.’ By Noah Worcester.

G. L.’s Letter was intended for insertion. The time is, we think, gone by now.

If Excerptor and Albanus reached us, they have been mislaid.

Several notices of books are unavoidably postponed.